A Timeless Battle Between Heaven and Hell

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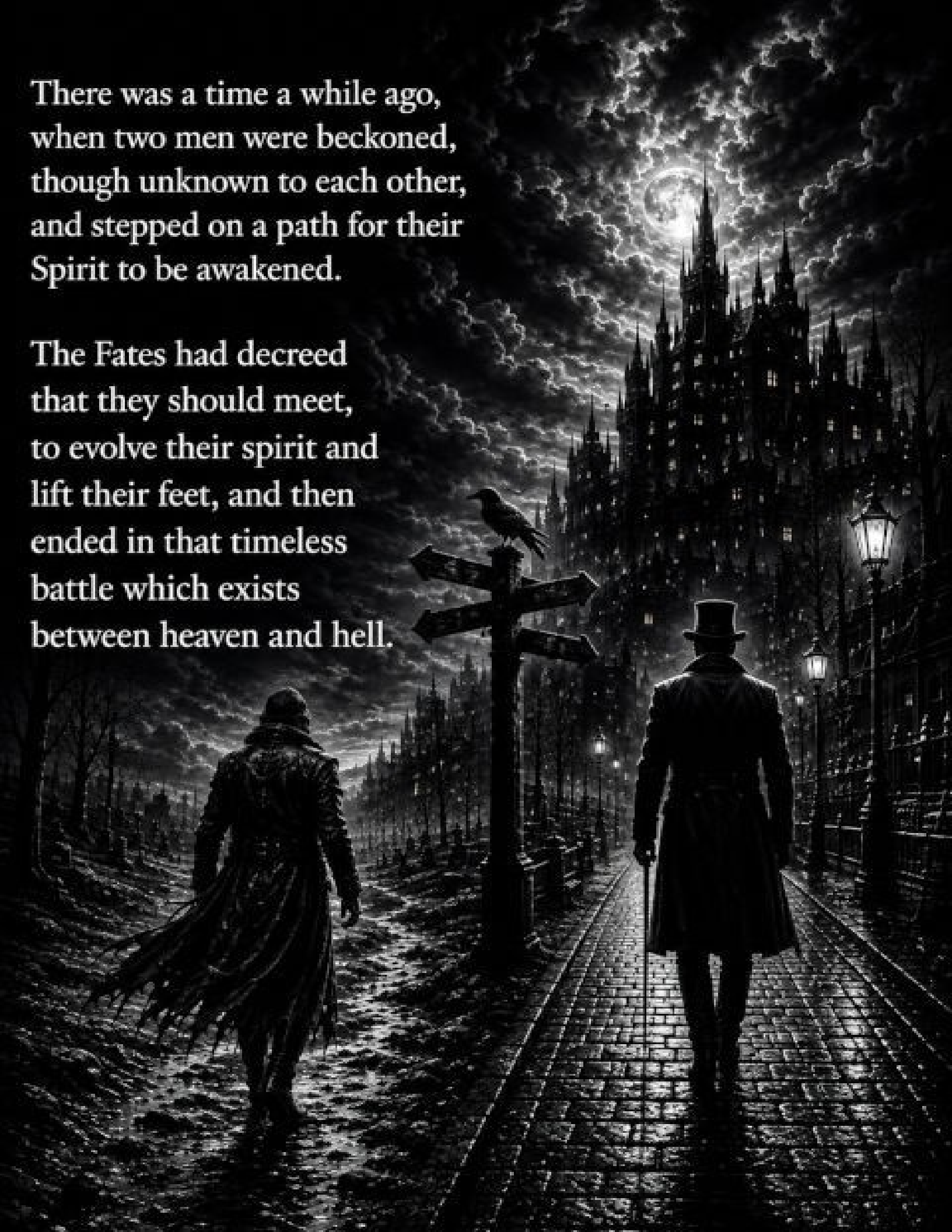
Prologue

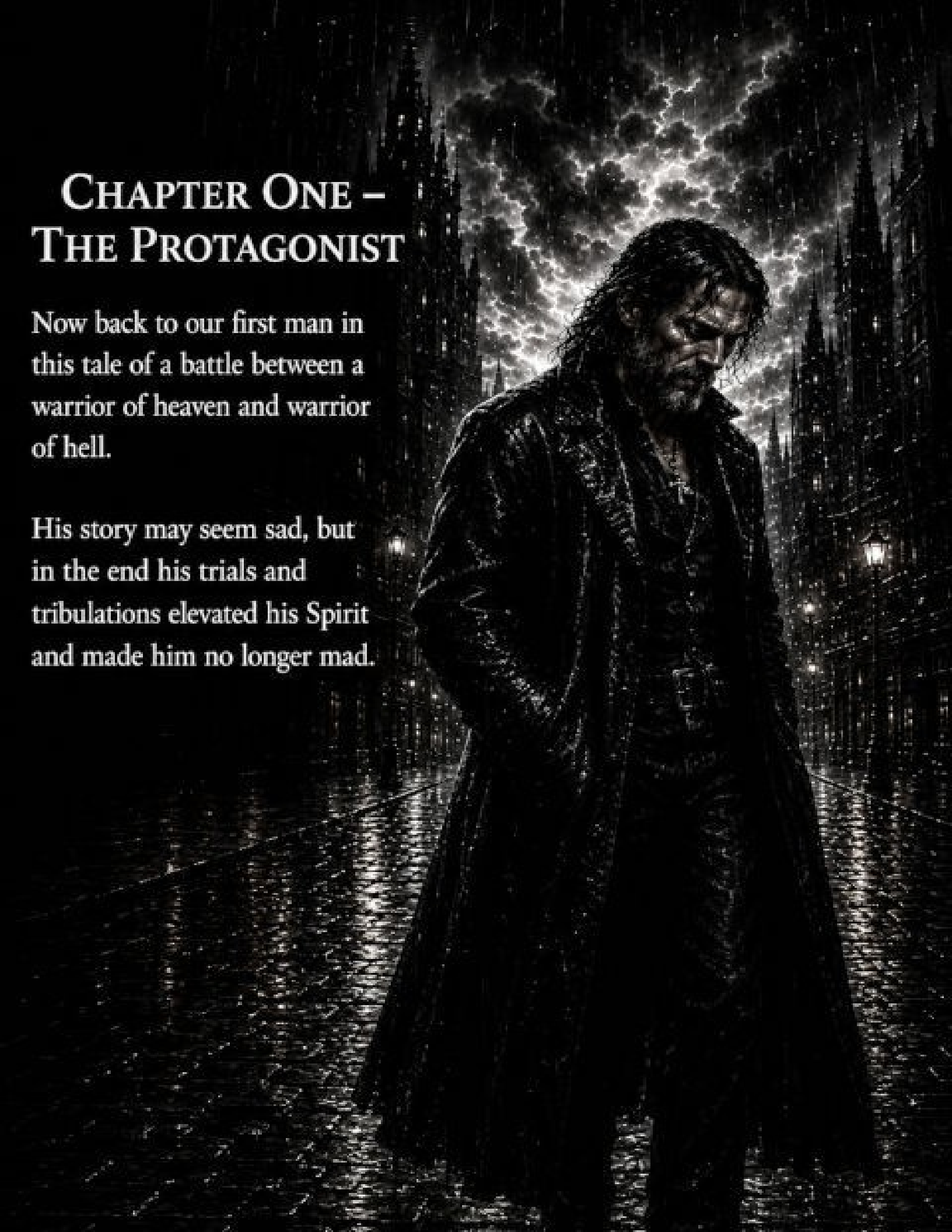
I sit here today and have a tale to tell of a timeless battle between heaven and hell.

Please stay and relax while I talk, this tale could be long, but after it's done you'll be happy you stayed, and didn't go for a walk.


There was a time a while ago,
when two men were beckoned,
though unknown to each other,
and stepped on a path for their
Spirit to be awakened.
The Fates had decreed
that they should meet,
to evolve their spirit and
lift their feet, and then
ended in that timeless
battle which exists
between heaven and hell.

One came from a life
full of tragedy and pain,
of loneliness and grief,
which could make
your tears run rampant
as rain.

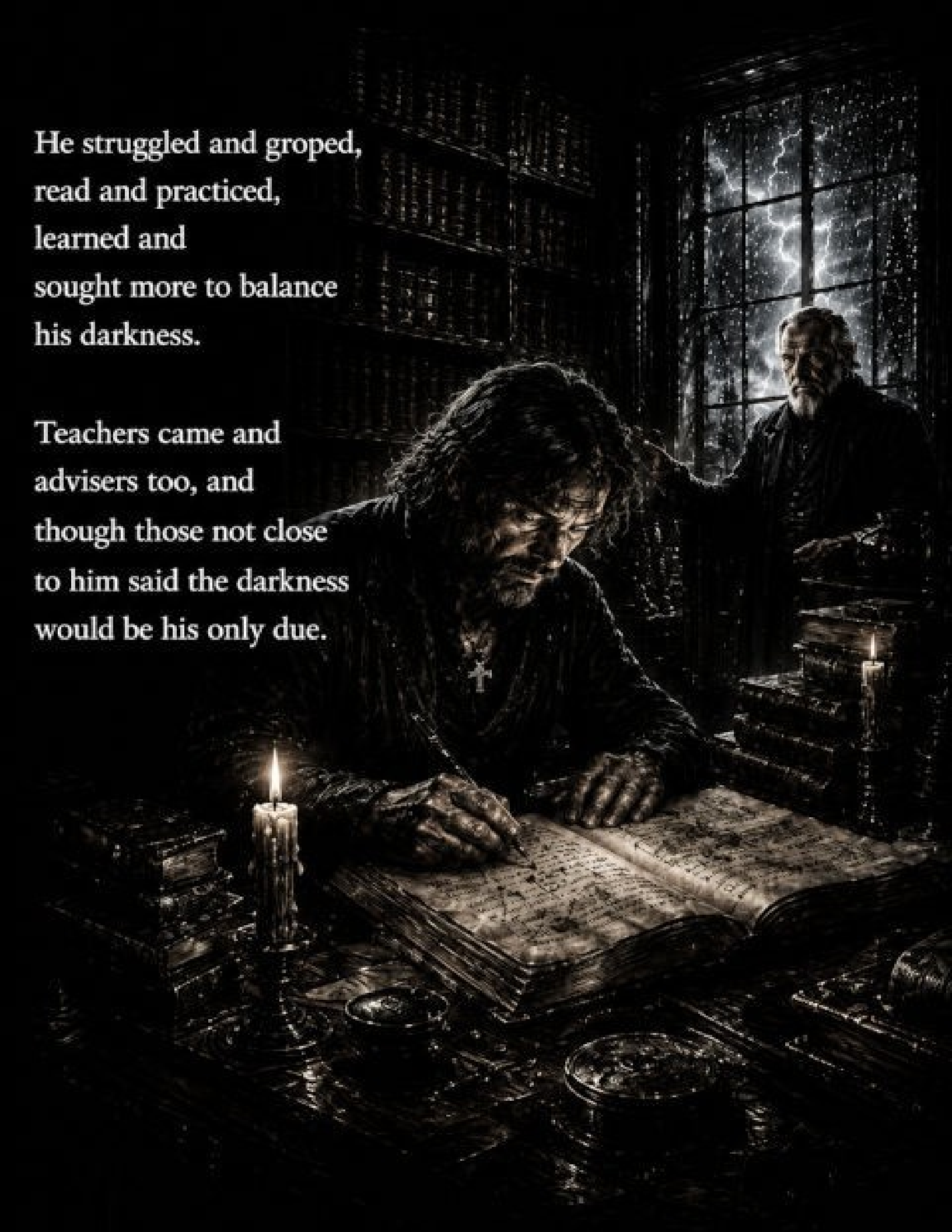
The other came from
a life of privilege and
never wanting, which
satiated his self, and
who gleefully sneered
when others saw him
as daunting.



Chapter One – The Protagonist

Now back to our first man in this tale of a battle between a warrior of heaven and warrior of hell.

His story may seem sad, but in the end his trials and tribulations elevated his Spirit and made him no longer mad.


He struggled and groped,
read and practiced,
learned and
sought more to balance
his darkness.
Teachers came and
advisers too, and
though those not close
to him said the darkness
would be his only due.

He never enjoyed it when others saw him as dark, as evil or such. But he would admit that in the life now past, at times he would use that darkness, in honourable ways, so he thought as much.

Though when those who knew him wanted to honour his work, they would call him the Man in Black; so once he learned what it had meant, he would smile appreciatively and give them no flack.

He meditated and the mantras
where chanted; the spells
where worked and his Spirit
with Light he enchanted.
He sought not to destroy
his darkness thus far,
but to bring it into
balance with loving
lightness on par.

A warrior before he began this quest, so a warrior he stayed, for which his higher Spirit was worked to be best…
To learn of his Spirit and to bring it to light, he learned that love, pure and unfettered, could balance all as one, and could elevate that which is below with that which is above.

He learned of energy: to sense it, see it, and work with it to give his Spirit wings. He learned of herbs and bees; the flowers and the trees; and of the energy that flows in-through-around all things.

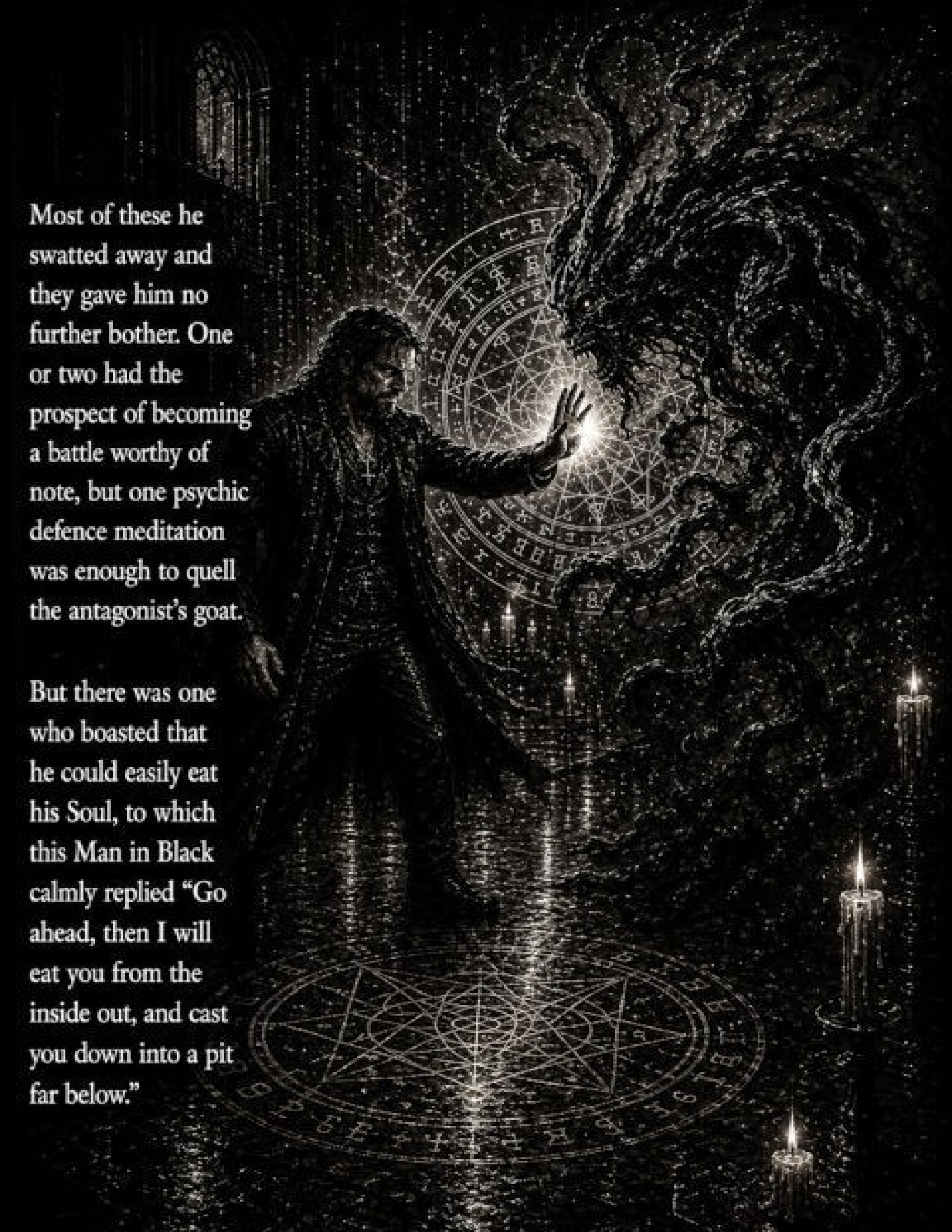
He worked hard to raise his Spirit high, to evolve to a higher state of universal awareness; and from this he learned that as the Spirit raises so also psychism and magick increases.

He learned of other senses,
other sights, and other
sounds; of other worlds
not his own, that existed
in the spirals which he
visited in leaps and bounds.

As he visited these realms,
allies he made, and his
Spirit did grow, but some
that he met where best
left below.

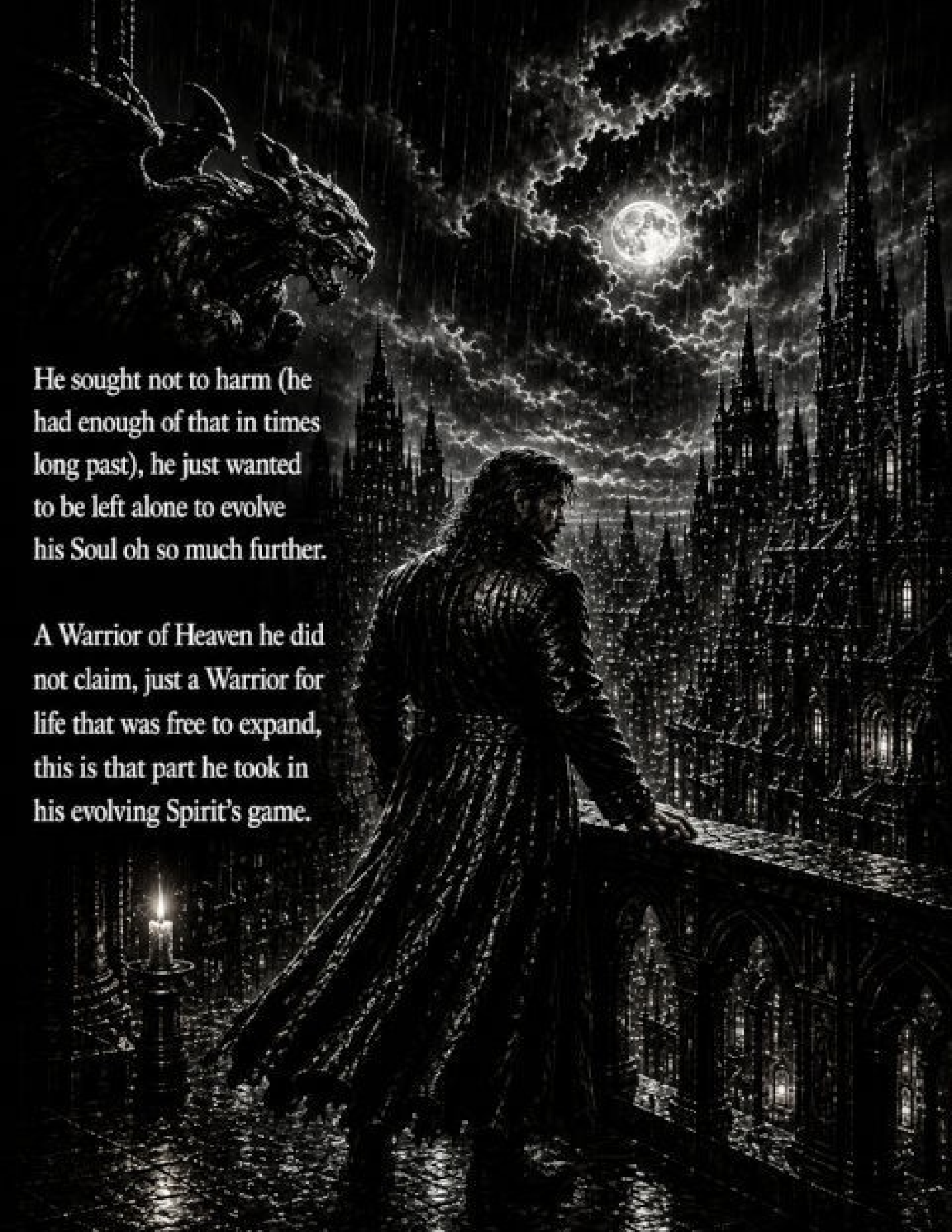
So he learned that as his Light did increased so also the attraction of bugs and things, which were intent on eating his Light.

Thus was seen it was their intent, of trying to use it for their own nefarious delight.



Most of these he swatted away and they gave him no further bother. One or two had the prospect of becoming a battle worthy of note, but one psychic defence meditation was enough to quell the antagonist's goat.

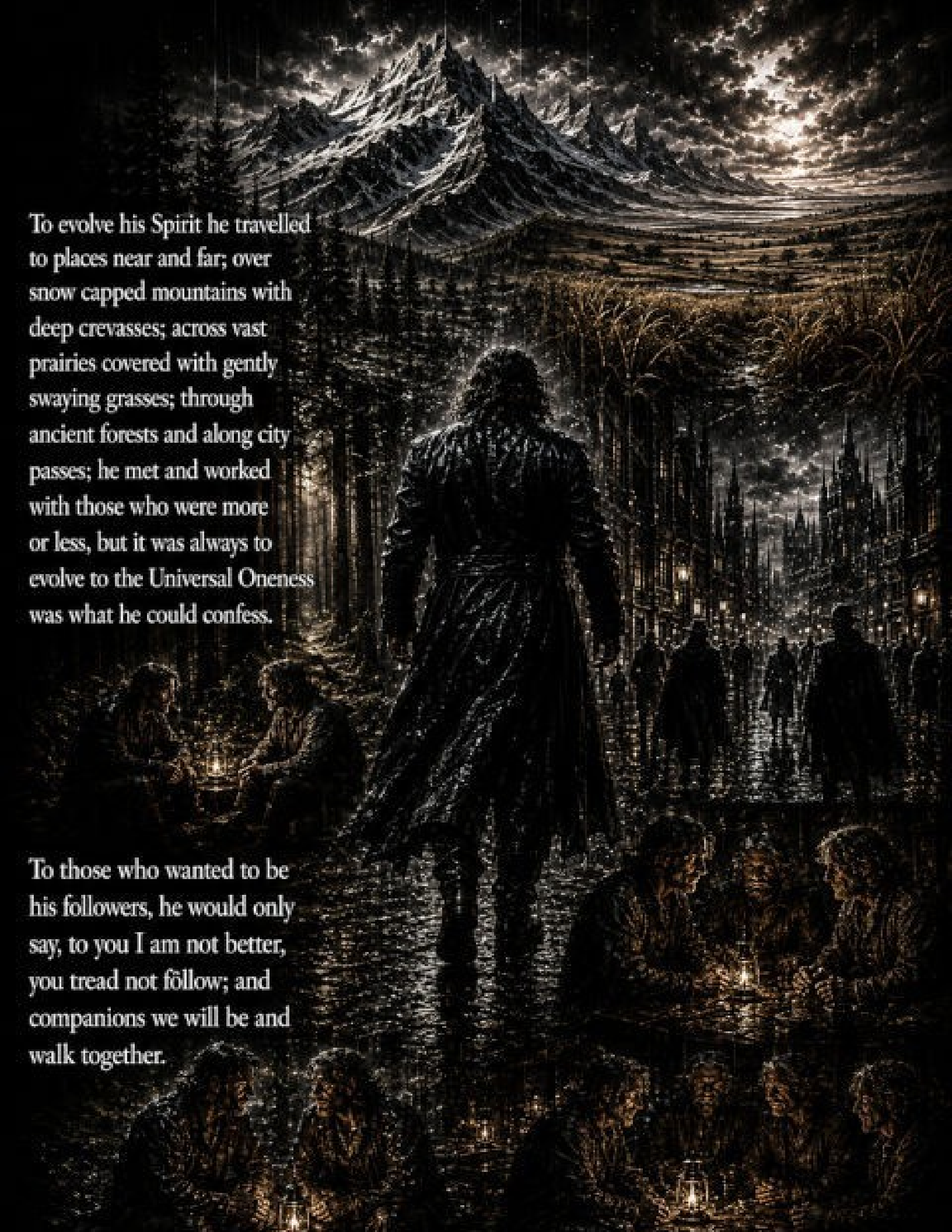
But there was one who boasted that he could easily eat his Soul, to which this Man in Black calmly replied "Go ahead, then I will eat you from the inside out, and cast you down into a pit far below."



He sought not to harm (he had enough of that in times long past), he just wanted to be left alone to evolve his Soul oh so much further.

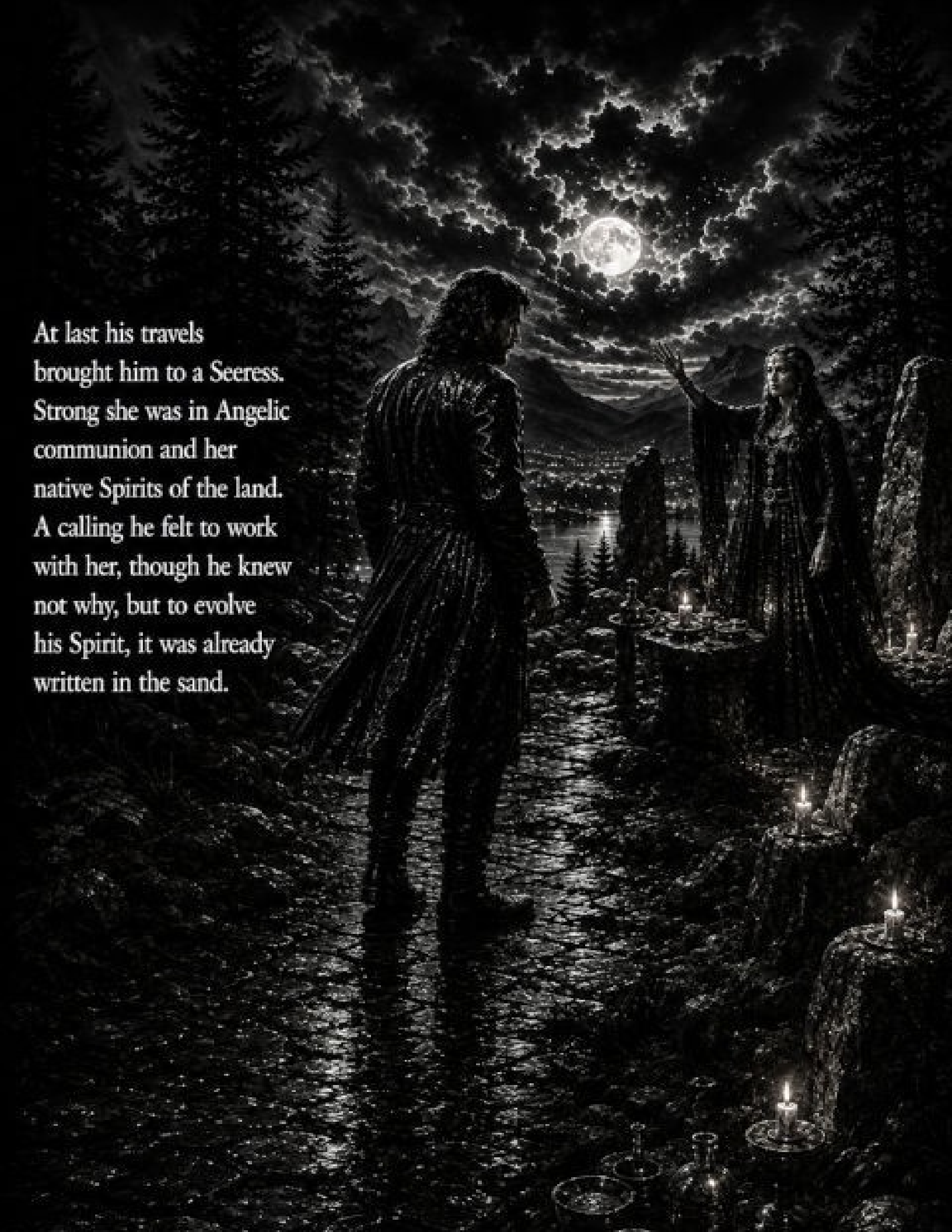
A Warrior of Heaven he did not claim, just a Warrior for life that was free to expand, this is that part he took in his evolving Spirit's game.

So works of Light he learned and mastered, and works of Dark he gave the same fate to. He did not understand how those around him would decry the Dark as something evil, something that was a disaster. To him, evil was in the intent and use. Dark was just something unknown, and once it was known, it was no longer Dark and able to run loose. So in his workings, as high into the Light as his Spirit did soar was balance by how deep into the Darkness his Spirit could bore.



To evolve his Spirit he travelled to places near and far; over snow capped mountains with deep crevasses; across vast prairies covered with gently swaying grasses; through ancient forests and along city passes; he met and worked with those who were more or less, but it was always to evolve to the Universal Oneness was what he could confess.

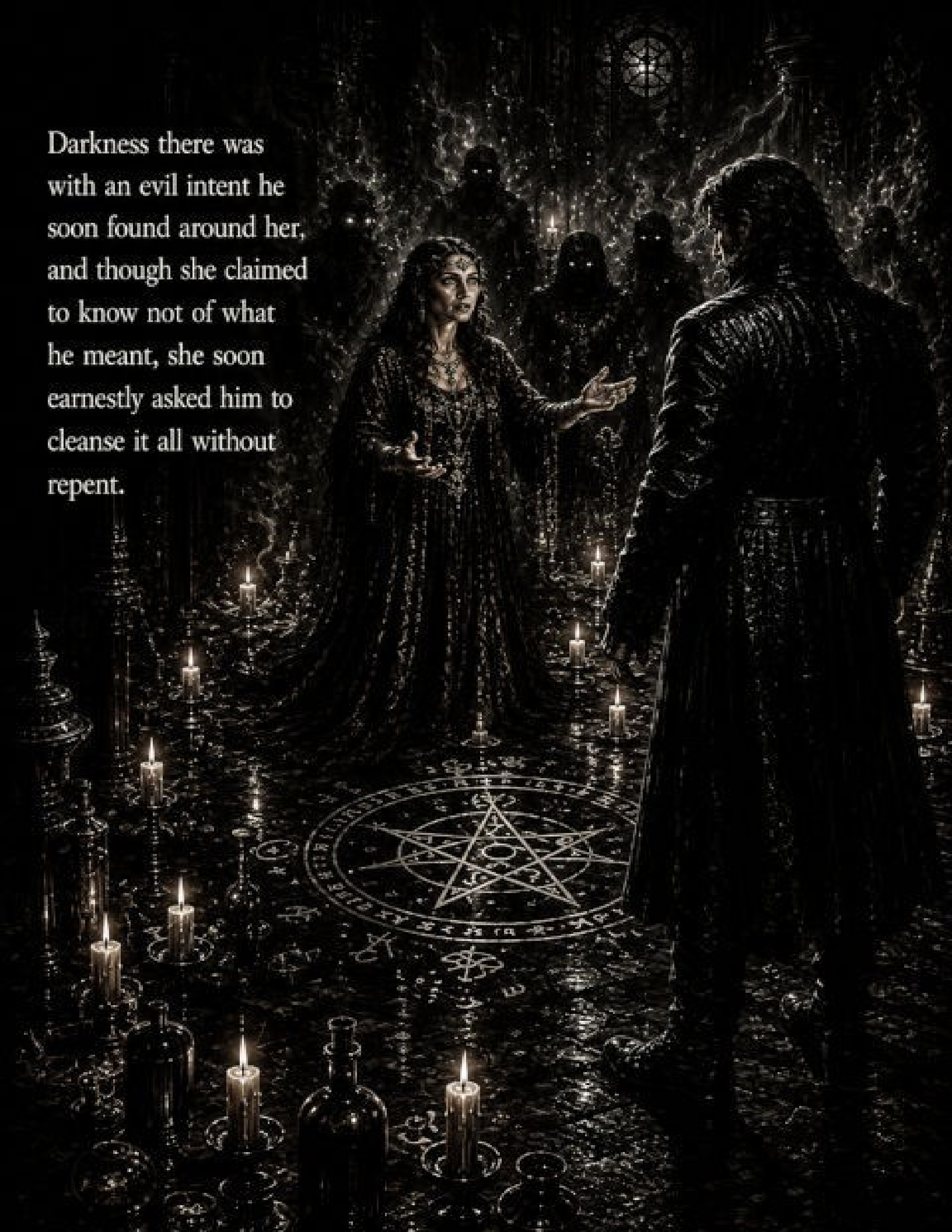
To those who wanted to be his followers, he would only say, to you I am not better, you tread not follow; and companions we will be and walk together.

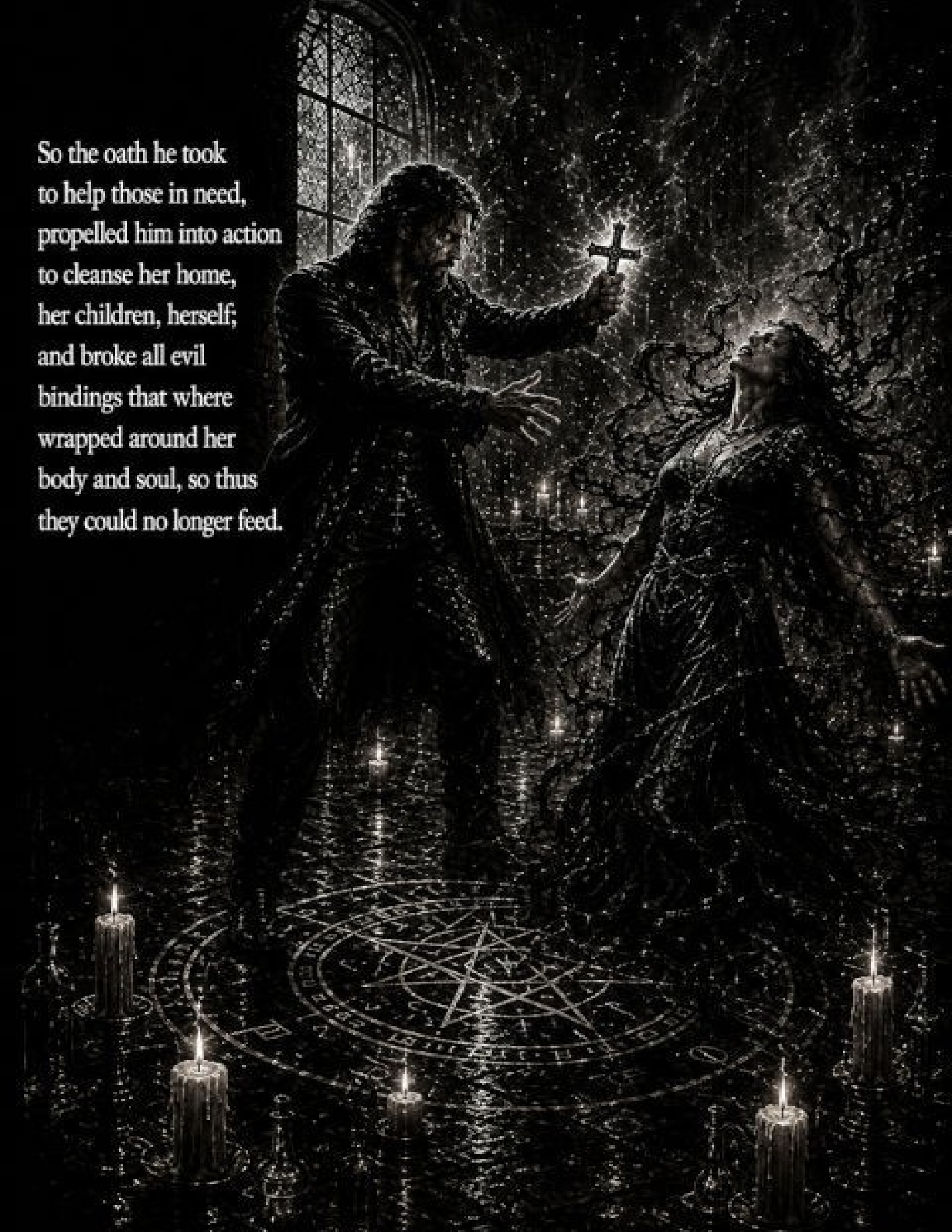


At last his travels
brought him to a Seeress.
Strong she was in Angelic
communion and her
native Spirits of the land.
A calling he felt to work
with her, though he knew
not why, but to evolve
his Spirit, it was already
written in the sand.

She asked what he should be called, because his energy was so inviting, she wanted to do him an honour in her writing. So he told her the title he was given in lands long past; a Man in Black is what they said he was.

So work they did, healing, counseling, and helping those who came. But soon he felt she had other ideas to use their fame.


Darkness there was
with an evil intent he
soon found around her,
and though she claimed
to know not of what
he meant, she soon
earnestly asked him to
cleanse it all without
repent.


So the oath he took
to help those in need,
propelled him into action
to cleanse her home,
her children, herself;
and broke all evil
bindings that where
wrapped around her
body and soul, so thus
they could no longer feed.

That is how he would
say these two
Warriors had met.

Chapter Two – The Antagonist

Not much is known of the Warrior from Hell (this was how he relished to be known).

A life of privilege was his youth, never wanting and always taking. It did not matter if he needed it or not; or whether it was his or not; but only just because he could.

Thus was his art in the making.

Large in stature, due to an un-hungered youth, he could easily master those that were around him.

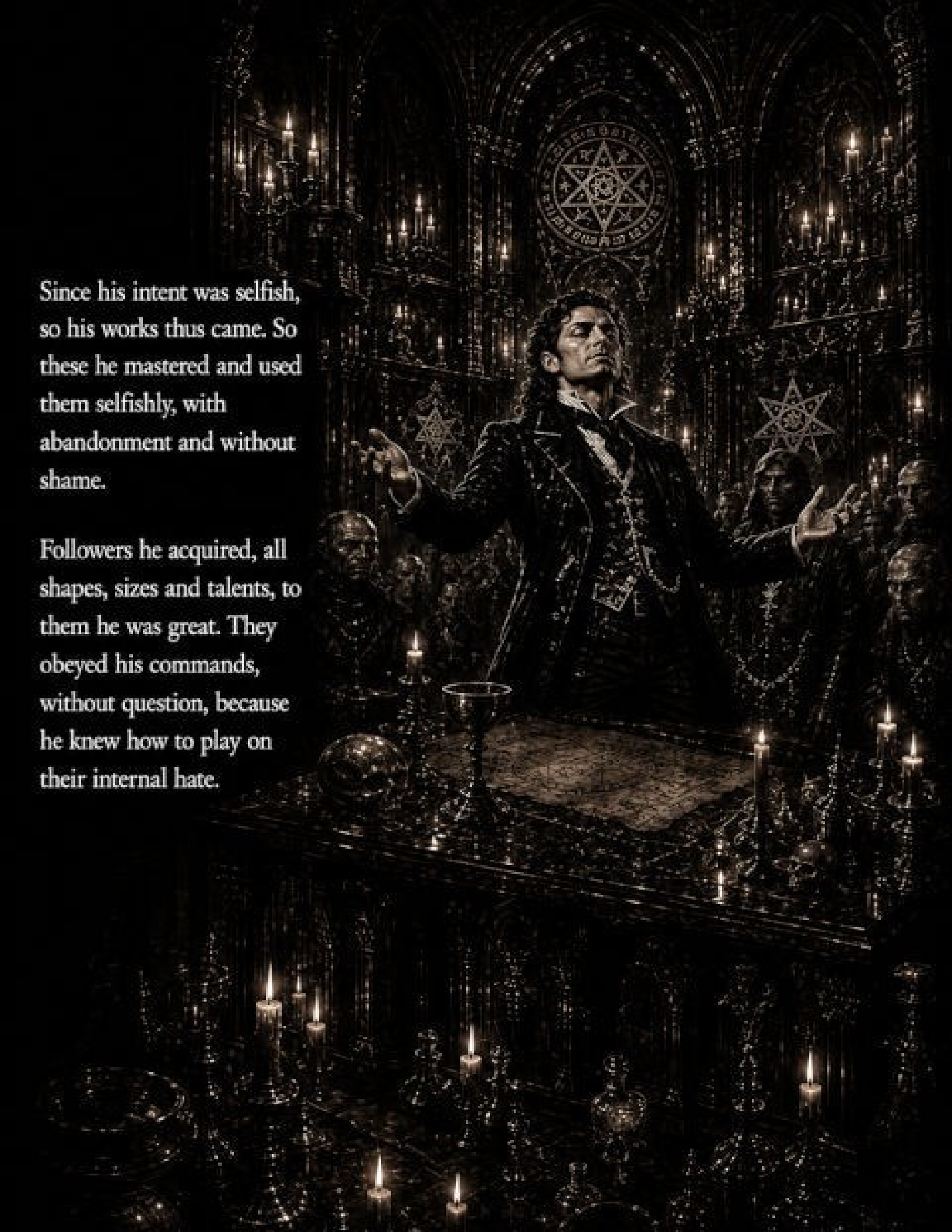
As his ego increased his conquests spread out, he mastered the mundane by learning to control their weakness, and to turn it to his whim.

He always wanted more, never satisfied with what he had.

So he delved into the arts that were known as martial, and the ways that were known as divine.

Those he mastered and added to his arsenal, but still he was not satisfied.

So ways of magick was next his course and as was his norm he ignored all that was Light, unless he could convert it, and joyfully dove into everything that was dark.

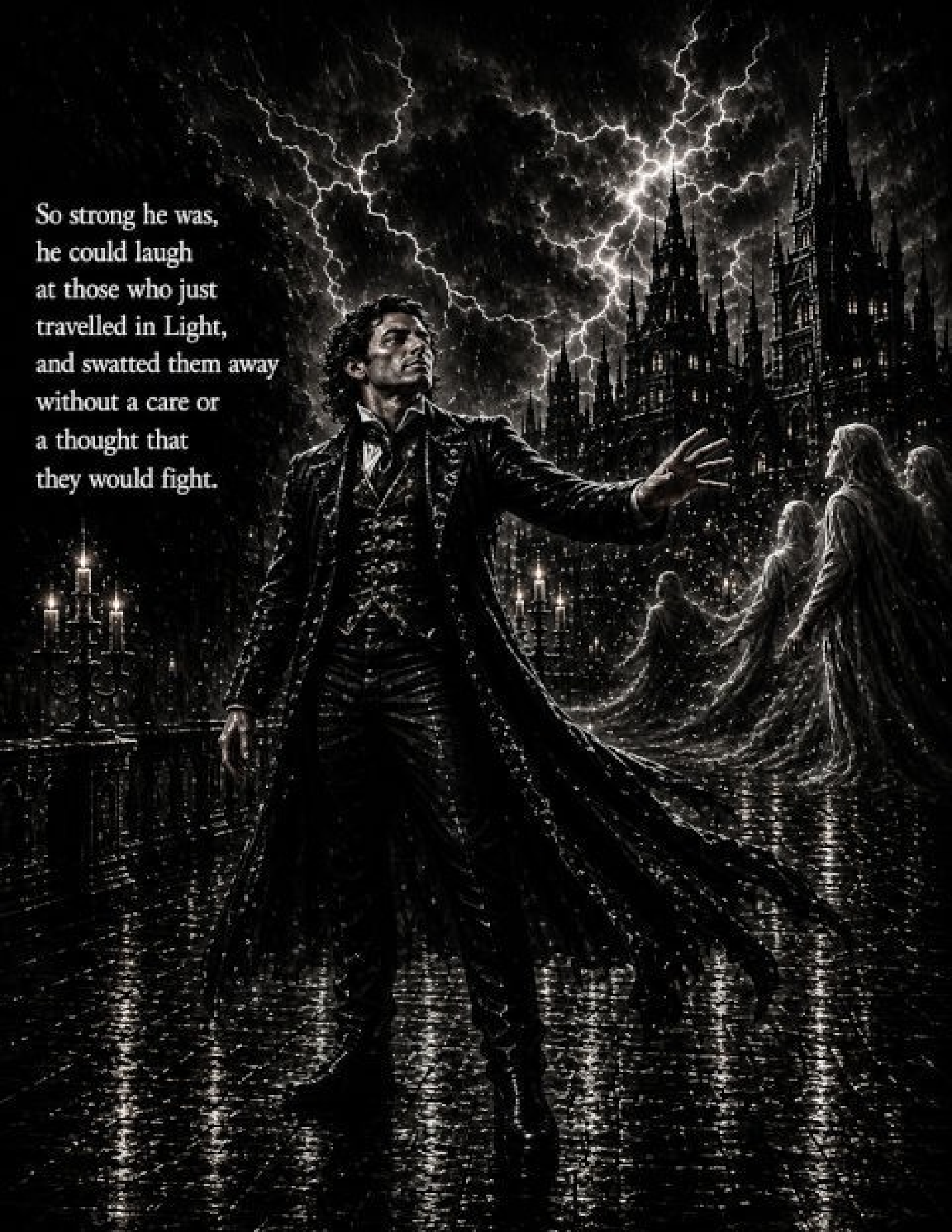


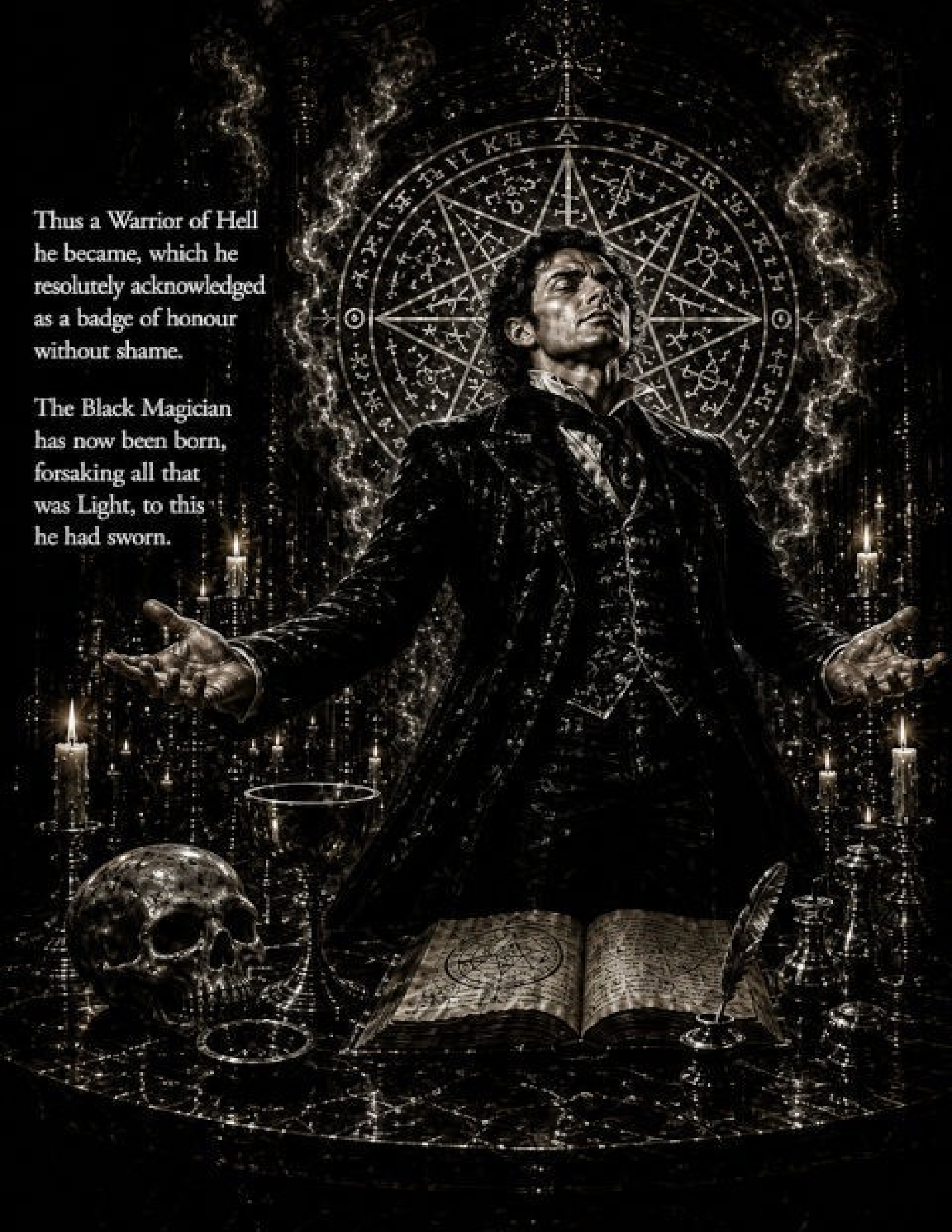
Since his intent was selfish, so his works thus came. So these he mastered and used them selfishly, with abandonment and without shame.

Followers he acquired, all shapes, sizes and talents, to them he was great. They obeyed his commands, without question, because he knew how to play on their internal hate.

There was one that was special, a trophy she became, whom he conquered and controlled, with such subtlety and guile so she did not know. She espoused that they were friends with a love of ages past, and as auch, she defended him against any foe.

A Seeress she was, strong in Angelic communion and with her native Spirits of the land. Though as strong as she was, it was her misplaced ideas of love, which allowed him to snake his tendrils around her from below to block that which was hers from high above.


So strong he was,
he could laugh
at those who just
travelled in Light,
and swatted them away
without a care or
a thought that
they would fight.



Thus a Warrior of Hell he became, which he resolutely acknowledged as a badge of honour without shame.

The Black Magician has now been born, forsaking all that was Light, to this he had sworn.

Then came a day
when something
strange did occur,
an action so foreign,
an instance his ego
would not conceive;

his Seeress was gone,
his tendrils where slashed,
his spells where broken;

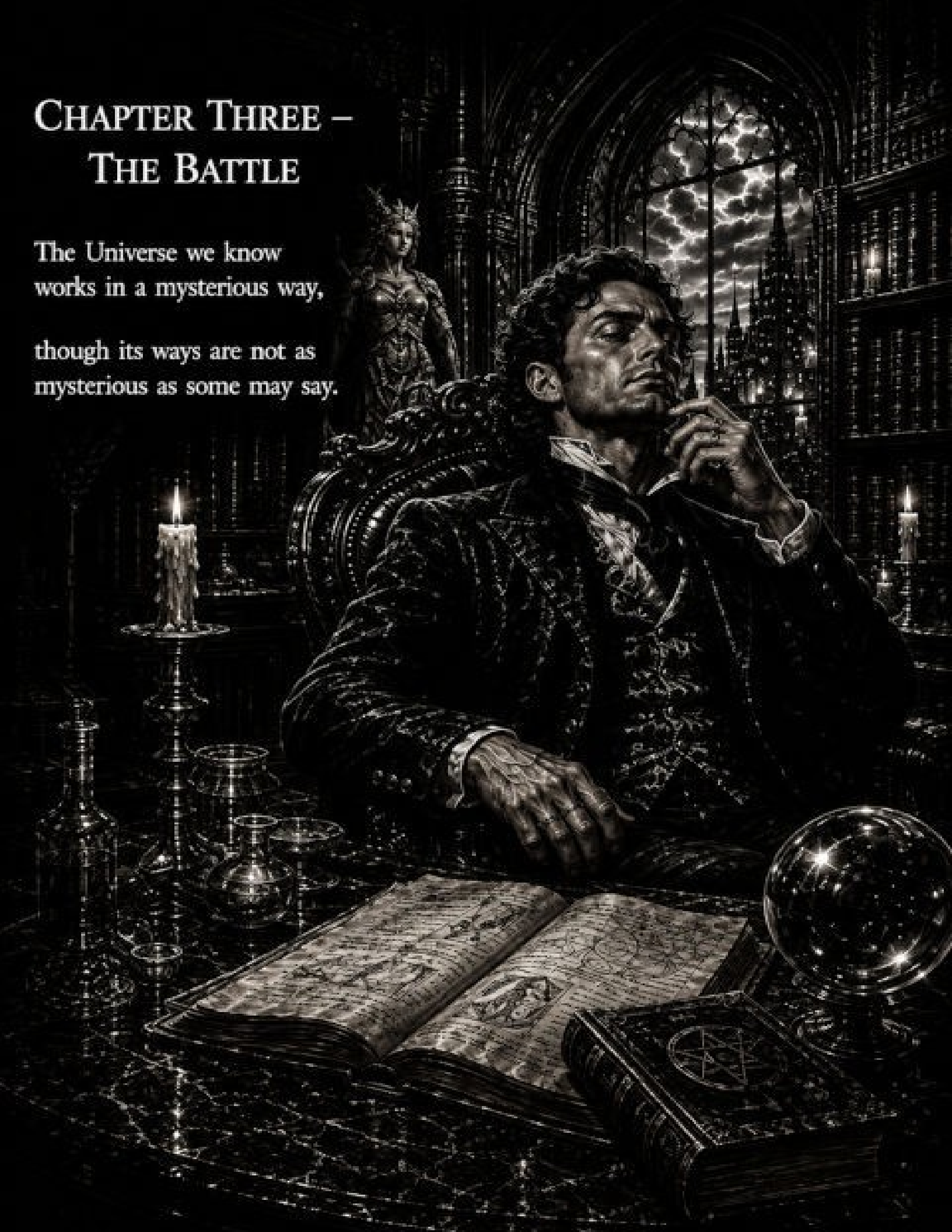
that idea he had buried
he was now forced
to believe.

This is how he would
say these two Warriors
did meet.

Chapter Three – The Battle

The Universe we know
works in a mysterious way,

though its ways are not as
mysterious as some may say.



The Universe exists in only three manifestations;

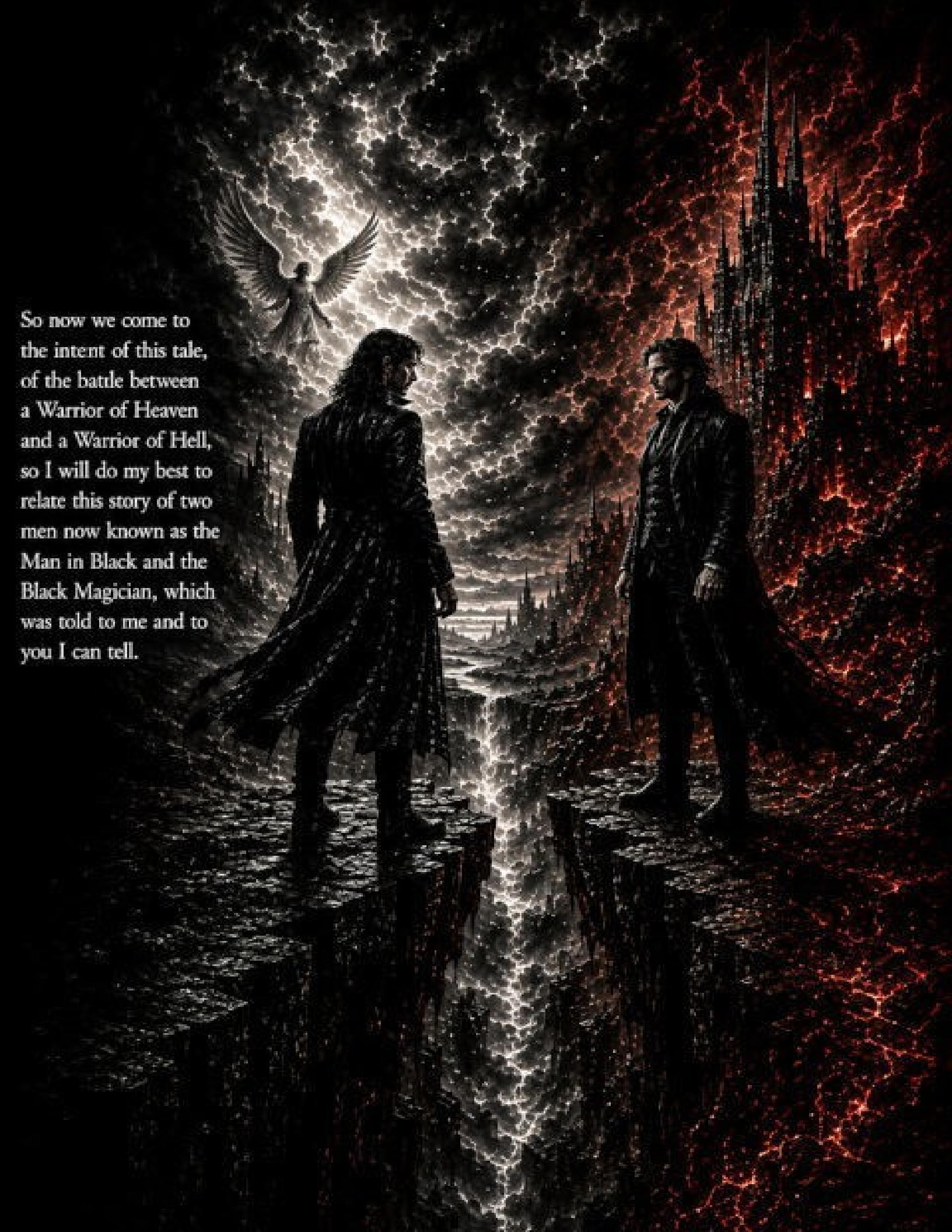
that which is nothing,

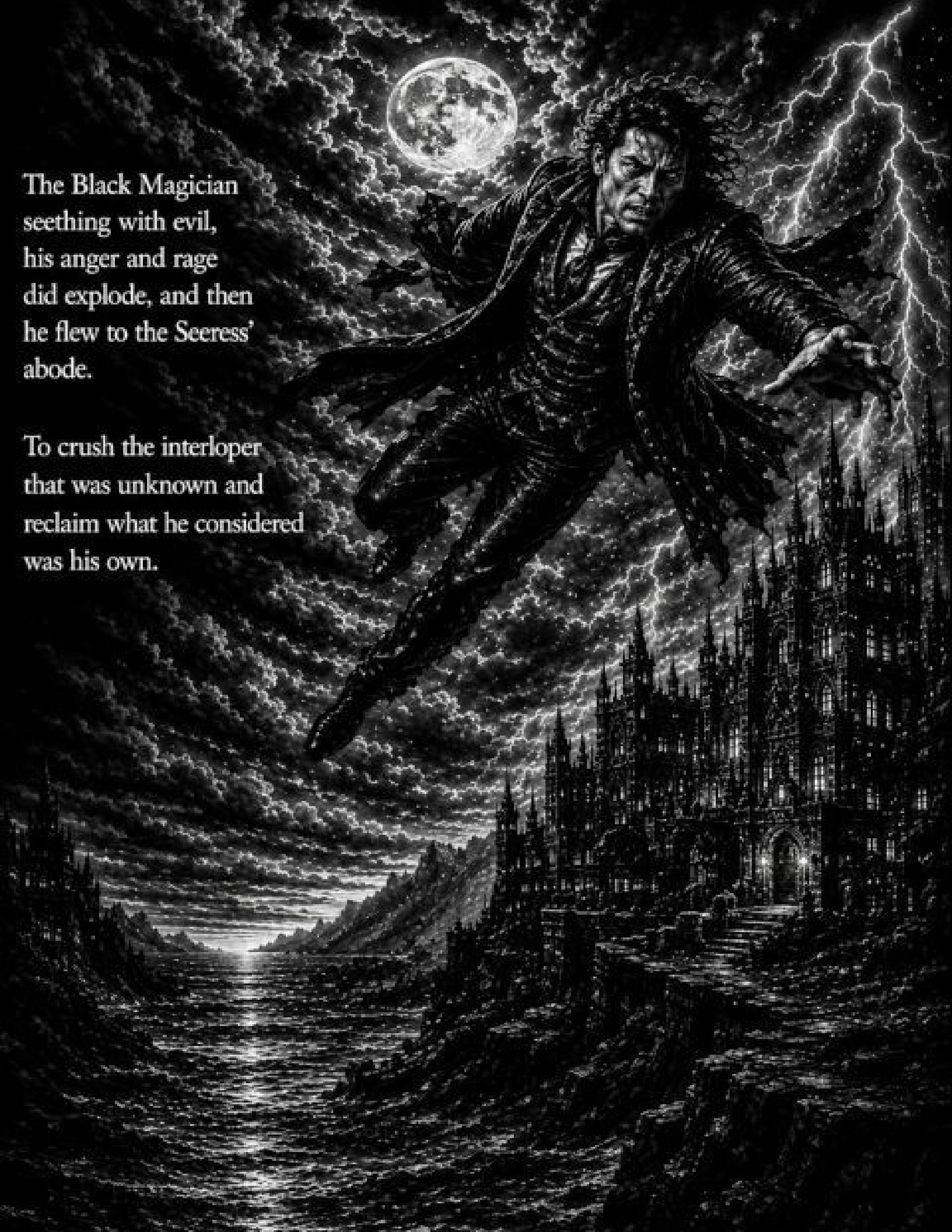
or that which is something,

or that which is becoming something or nothing (of this last it must be acknowledged, that duality must exist if oneness is accepted).

This is the secret of universal manifestation.

It is only when consciousness manifests and desires experience that the Universe begins to manifest in ways mysterious.

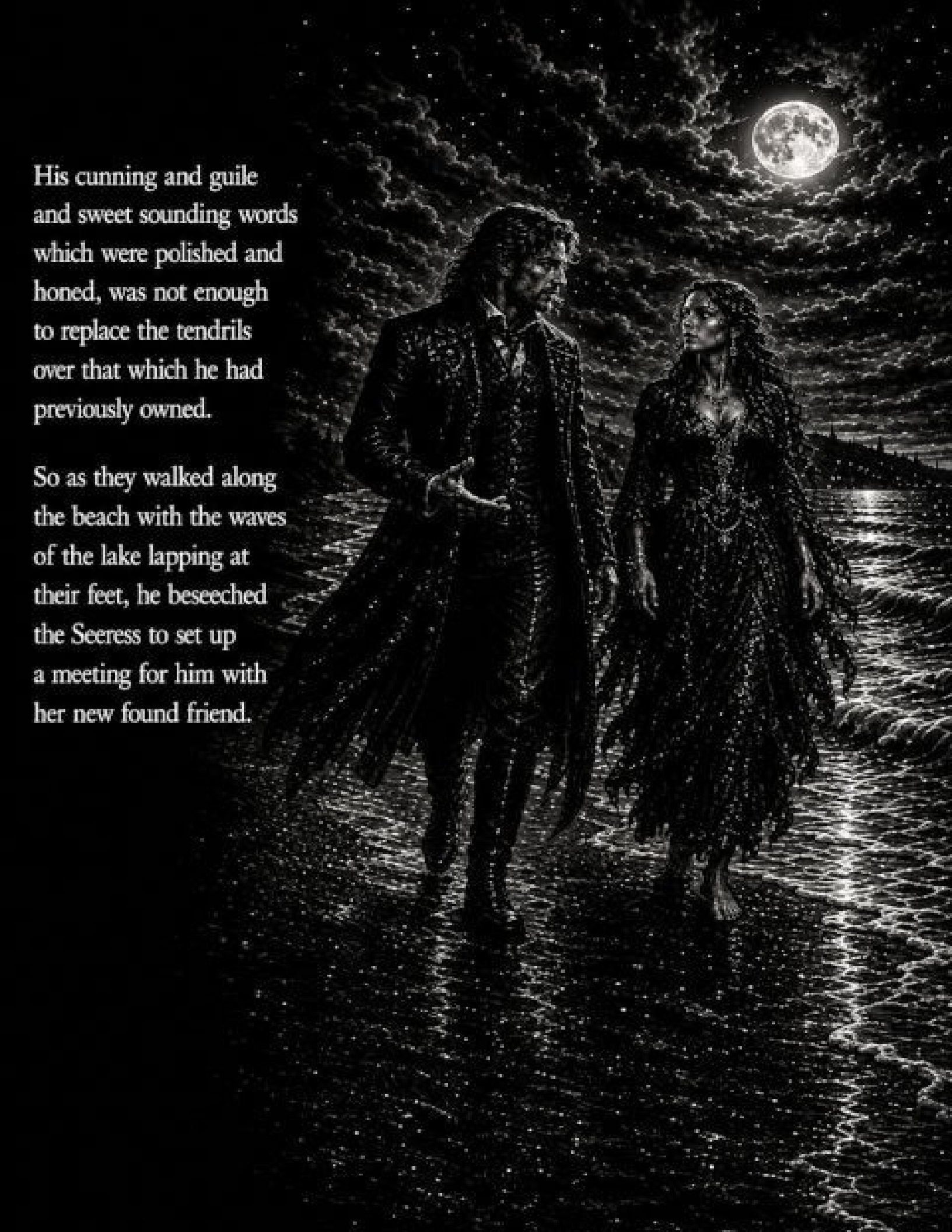

So now we come to the intent of this tale, of the battle between a Warrior of Heaven and a Warrior of Hell, so I will do my best to relate this story of two men now known as the Man in Black and the Black Magician, which was told to me and to you I can tell.


The Black Magician
seething with evil,
his anger and rage
did explode, and then
he flew to the Seeress'
abode.
To crush the interloper
that was unknown and
reclaim what he considered
was his own.

At the Seeress' home
he could not enter,
so much Light now shined
and glistened which
blacked his temper.

So with velvet guile
he called to her
to go for a walk
and chat awhile.

To this she agreed,
because she still could
not admit about his
control over her, so
walk she did without
knowing she had been freed.



His cunning and guile
and sweet sounding words
which were polished and
honed, was not enough
to replace the tendrils
over that which he had
previously owned.

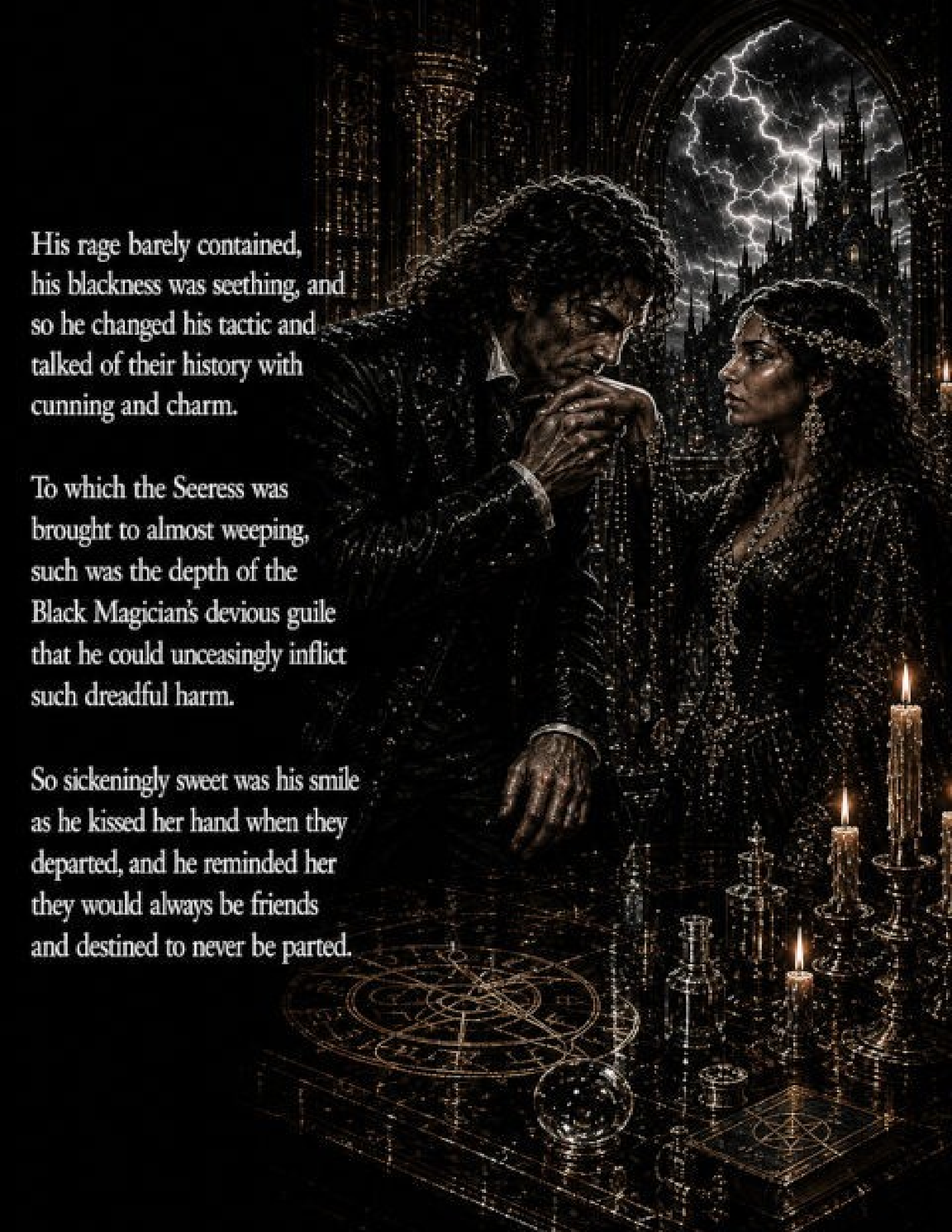
So as they walked along
the beach with the waves
of the lake lapping at
their feet, he beseeched
the Seeress to set up
a meeting for him with
her new found friend.

To this she thought and almost agreed, then she remembered a reading before she was freed,

"the black haired man and the red haired man should not meet on the physical".

Now that she was freed,
she thought her new friend
was the ancient lover from
times long past, this was
prophsied she needed to heed.

So to his request she had
to decline and did not bend,
it was now this new love
she had to defend.



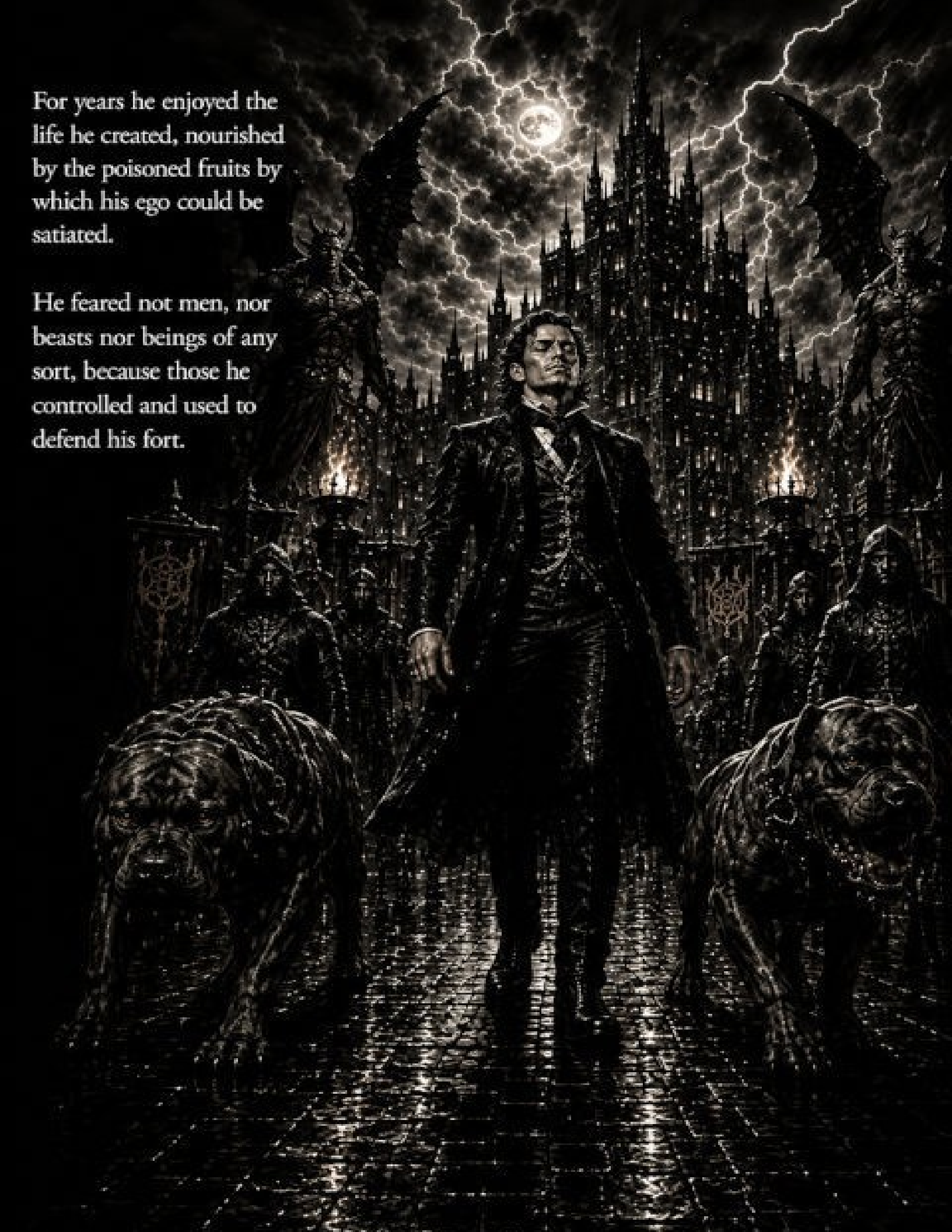
His rage barely contained,
his blackness was seething, and
so he changed his tactic and
talked of their history with
cunning and charm.

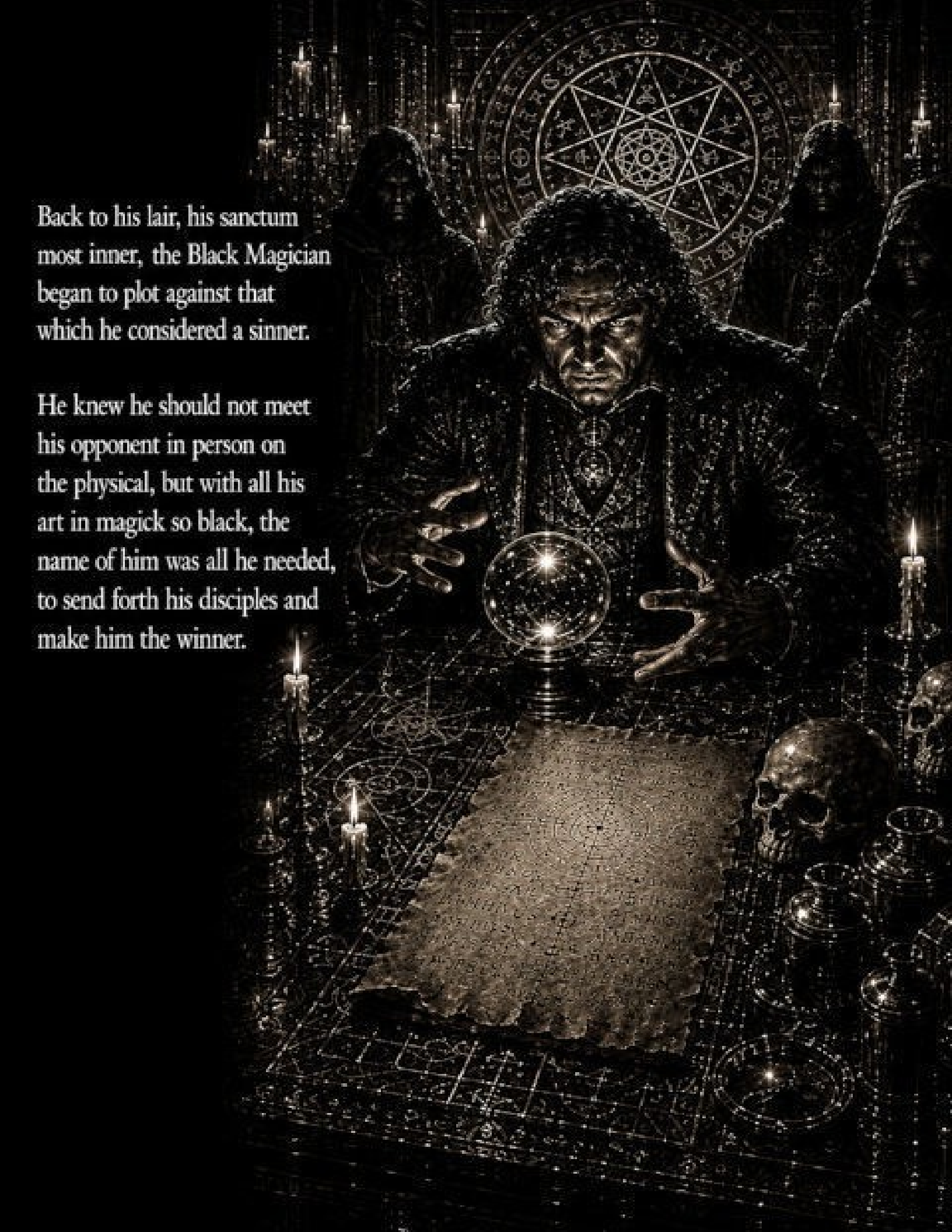
To which the Seeress was
brought to almost weeping,
such was the depth of the
Black Magician's devious guile
that he could unceasingly inflict
such dreadful harm.

So sickeningly sweet was his smile
as he kissed her hand when they
departed, and he reminded her
they would always be friends
and destined to never be parted.

Still so naive she was,
the Seeress was flattered,
and in error she said
the name of him she
thought she loved.

So casually this was done,
that others might not have
noticed, but he did, and
knew this is what he
needed to repair that
which was shattered.


For years he enjoyed the life he created, nourished by the poisoned fruits by which his ego could be satiated.
He feared not men, nor beasts nor beings of any sort, because those he controlled and used to defend his fort.



Back to his lair, his sanctum
most inner, the Black Magician
began to plot against that
which he considered a sinner.

He knew he should not meet
his opponent in person on
the physical, but with all his
art in magick so black, the
name of him was all he needed,
to send forth his disciples and
make him the winner.

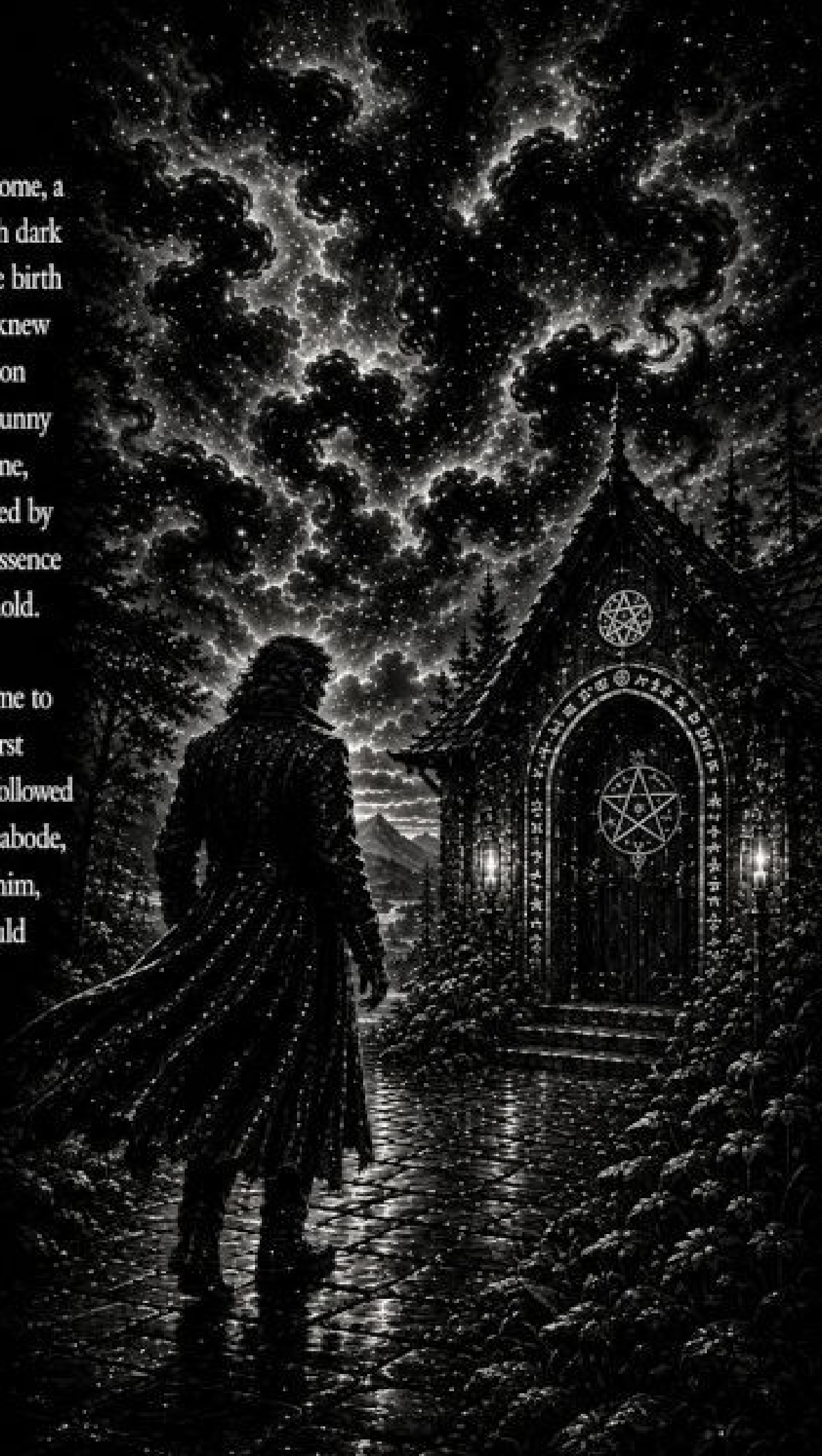
The Man in Black did not know of the brewing feud, but if he did, it would not cause him to rattle.

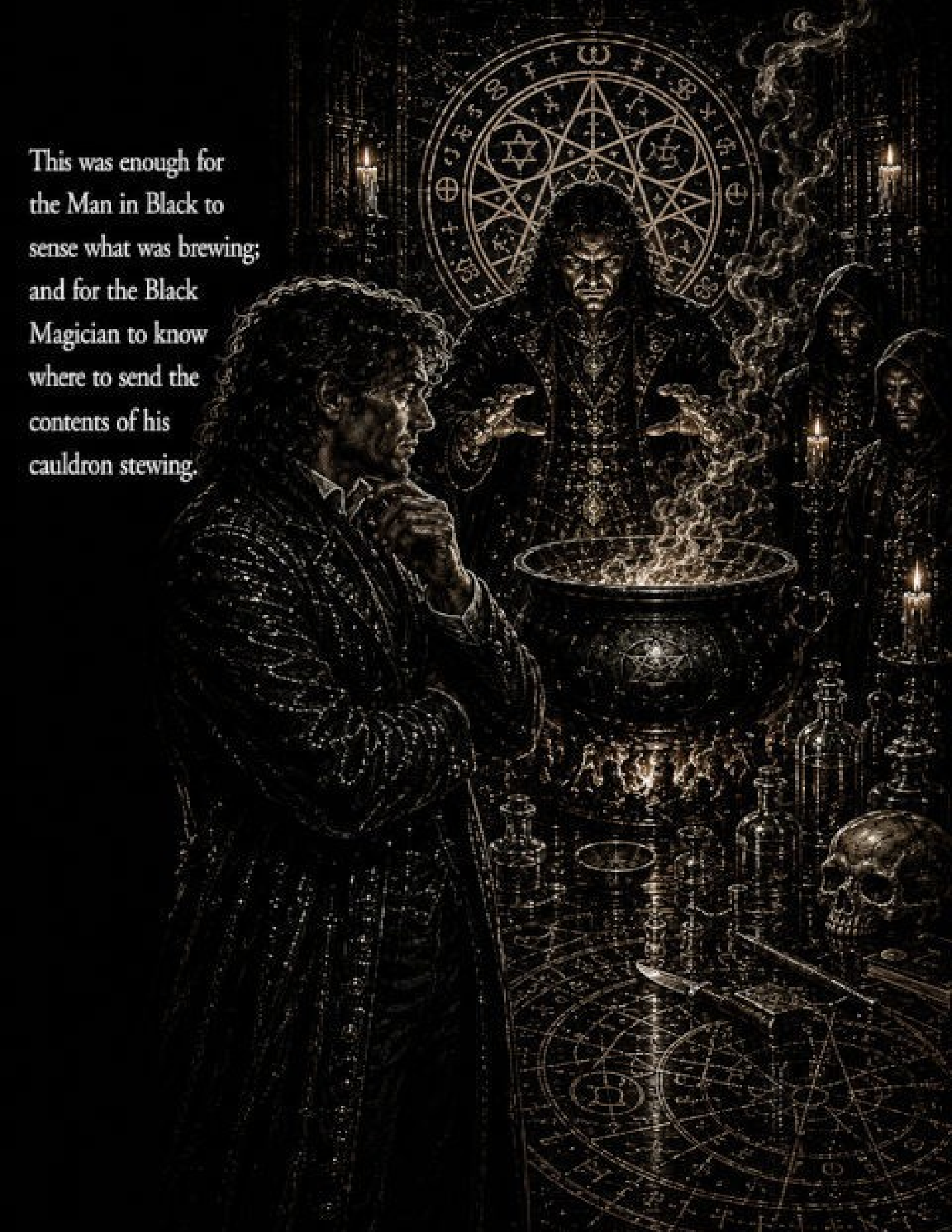
About his work he did continue; teaching, learning, healing, and growing. The only disturbance was telling the Seeress that her prophesied lover was not his due. At this news she did begin to falter, she knew he was wise but their work has now parted, so she tried an old trick she learned from the past, and offered him a gift, it was her eighteen year old daughter.

To the man in Black this was the sign; that their time workings now ended because he would not cross that line.

As he walked back to his home, a strange wind did arise with dark swirling clouds which gave birth to stitching shadows. He knew this was strange; it was noon after all, on a bright and sunny day. As he entered his home, which was already protected by magick, he could feel an essence slide off him at the threshold.

Since his learning now came to be neutral with all, that first stretch of evil which had followed the Seeress to his humble abode, could dare not but touch him, and at his threshold it could only fall.

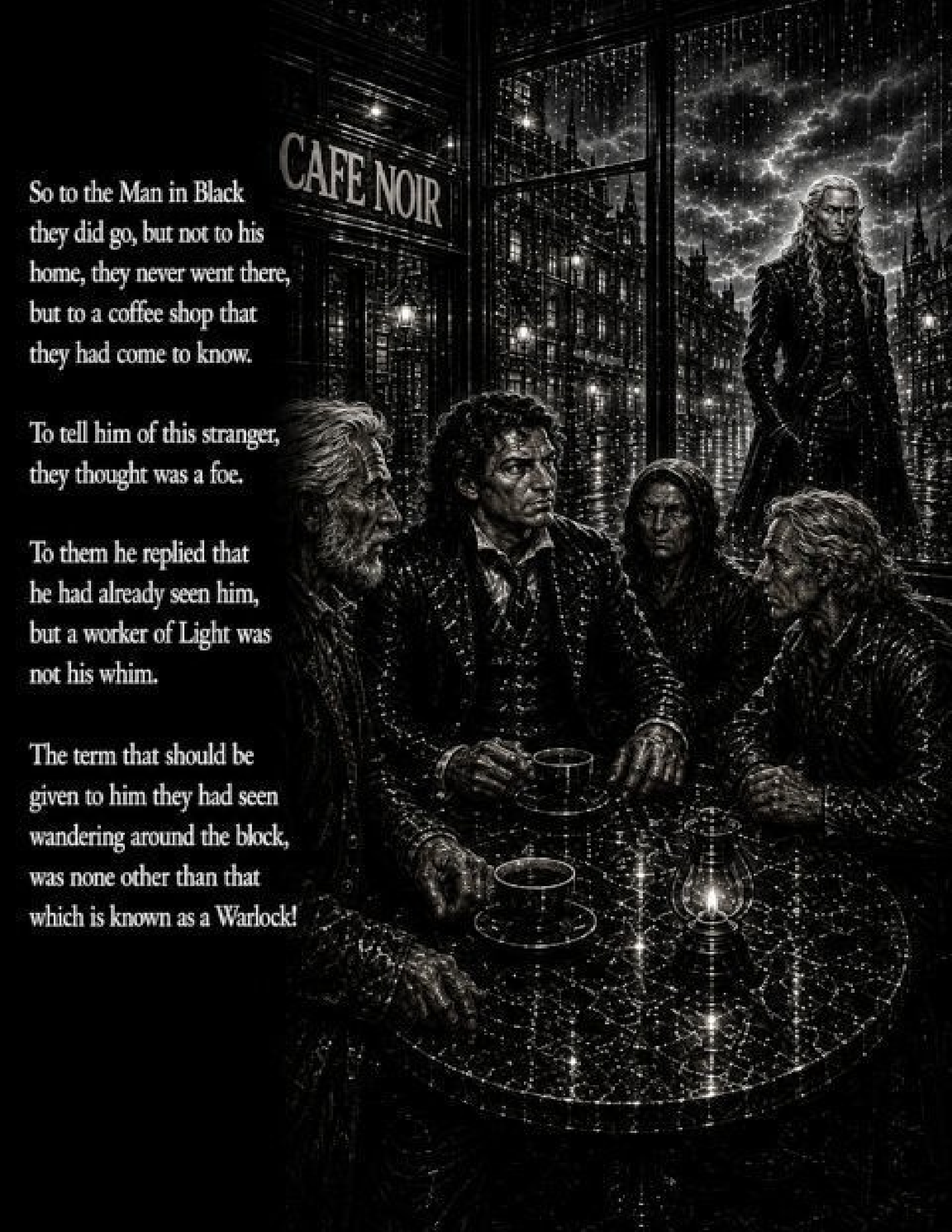




This was enough for the Man in Black to sense what was brewing; and for the Black Magician to know where to send the contents of his cauldron stewing.

Soon in the area where the Man in Black did reside, came a stranger to his friends who said he was a worker of Light, and was looking for a guide.

Tall he was and elegantly in black was his dress, with long blond hair, piercing blue eyes and a stunning smile but it was his pointy ears that caused them some duress.

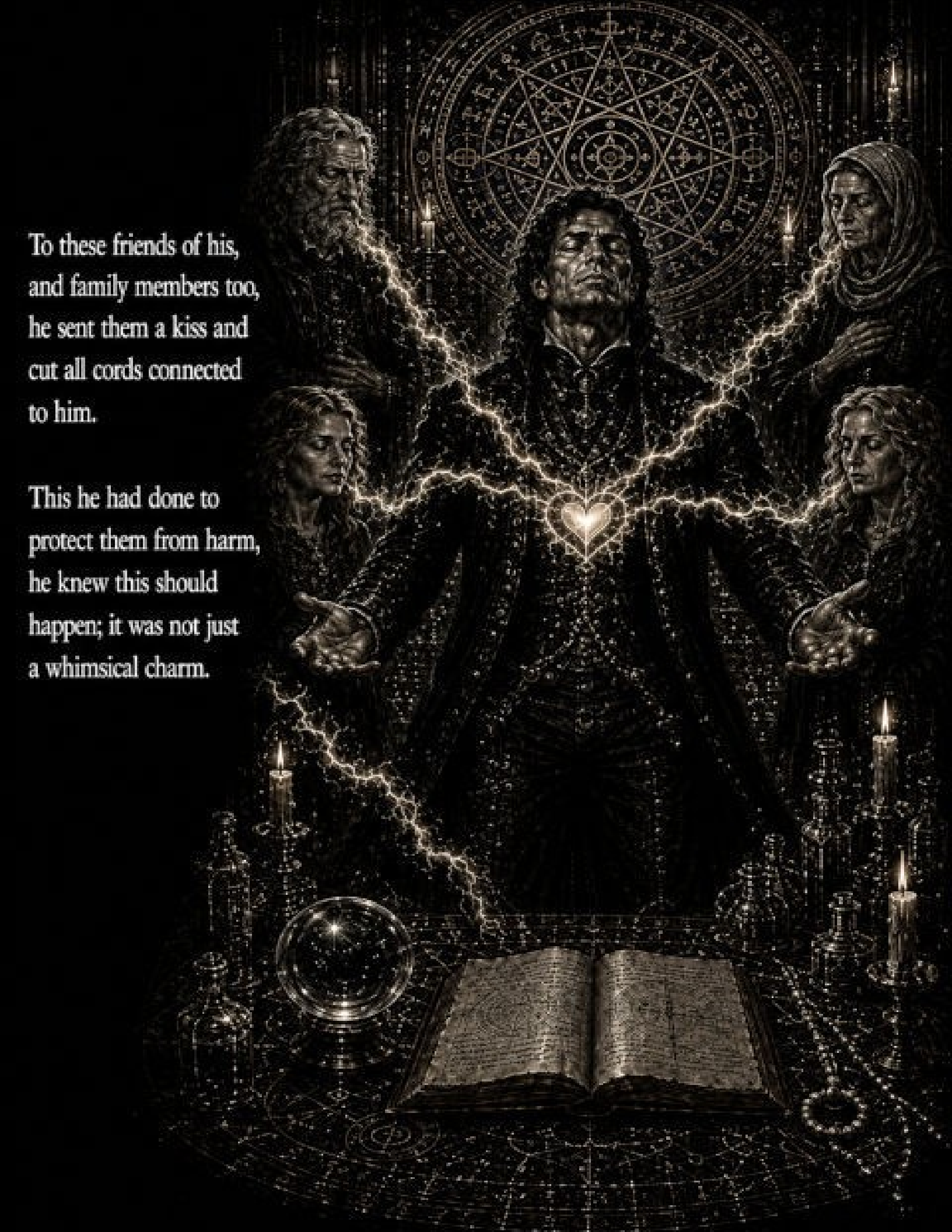


So to the Man in Black
they did go, but not to his
home, they never went there,
but to a coffee shop that
they had come to know.

To tell him of this stranger,
they thought was a foe.

To them he replied that
he had already seen him,
but a worker of Light was
not his whim.

The term that should be
given to him they had seen
wandering around the block,
was none other than that
which is known as a Warlock!



To these friends of his,
and family members too,
he sent them a kiss and
cut all cords connected
to him.

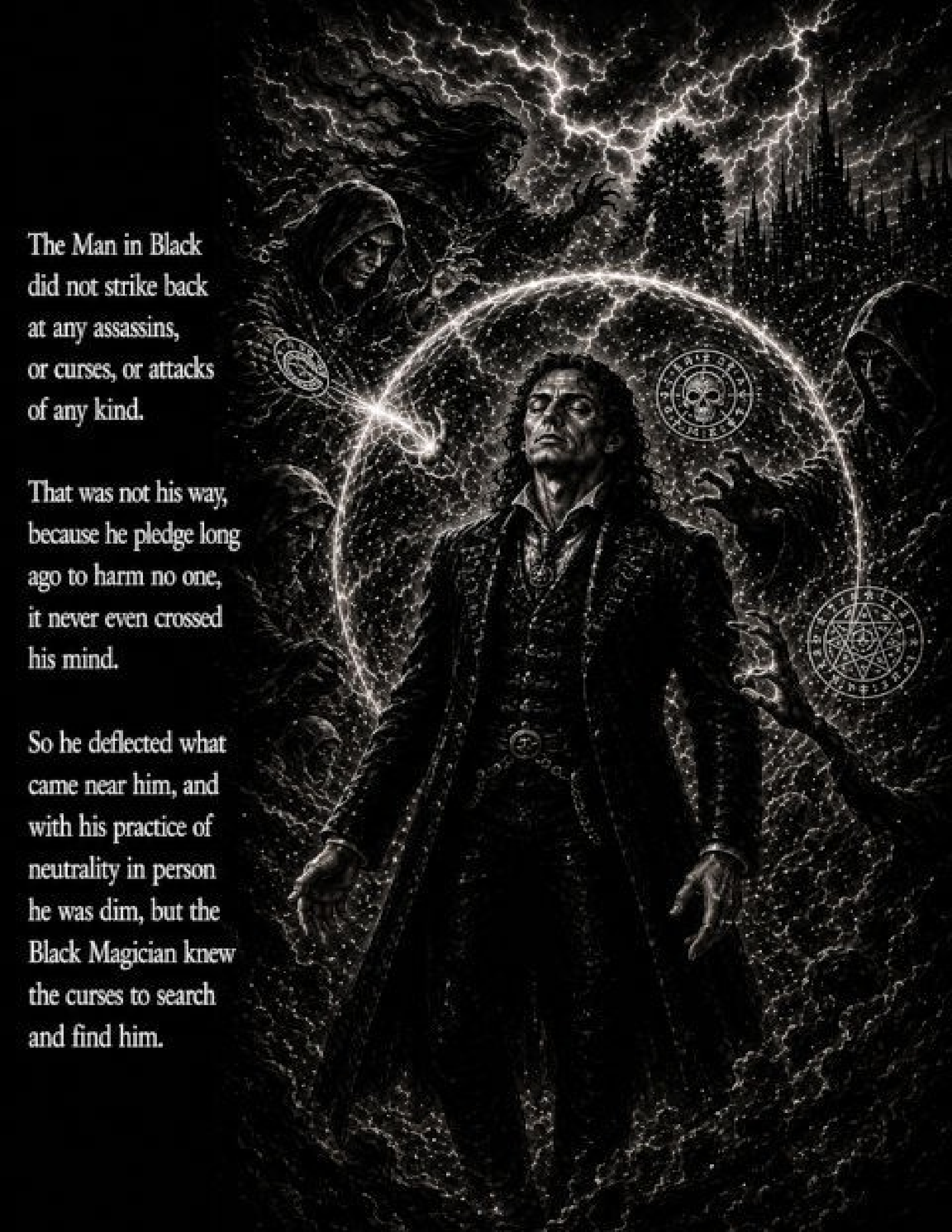
This he had done to
protect them from harm,
he knew this should
happen; it was not just
a whimsical charm.

So now to the Universal energy, this Man in Black was a solitary creature with a neutral symmetry.

This practice of his, to be neutral and as one with all his surroundings, was so complete that no one saw him.

They would walk into him, and if he was not careful crossing the street, he could be run down and knocked off his feet.

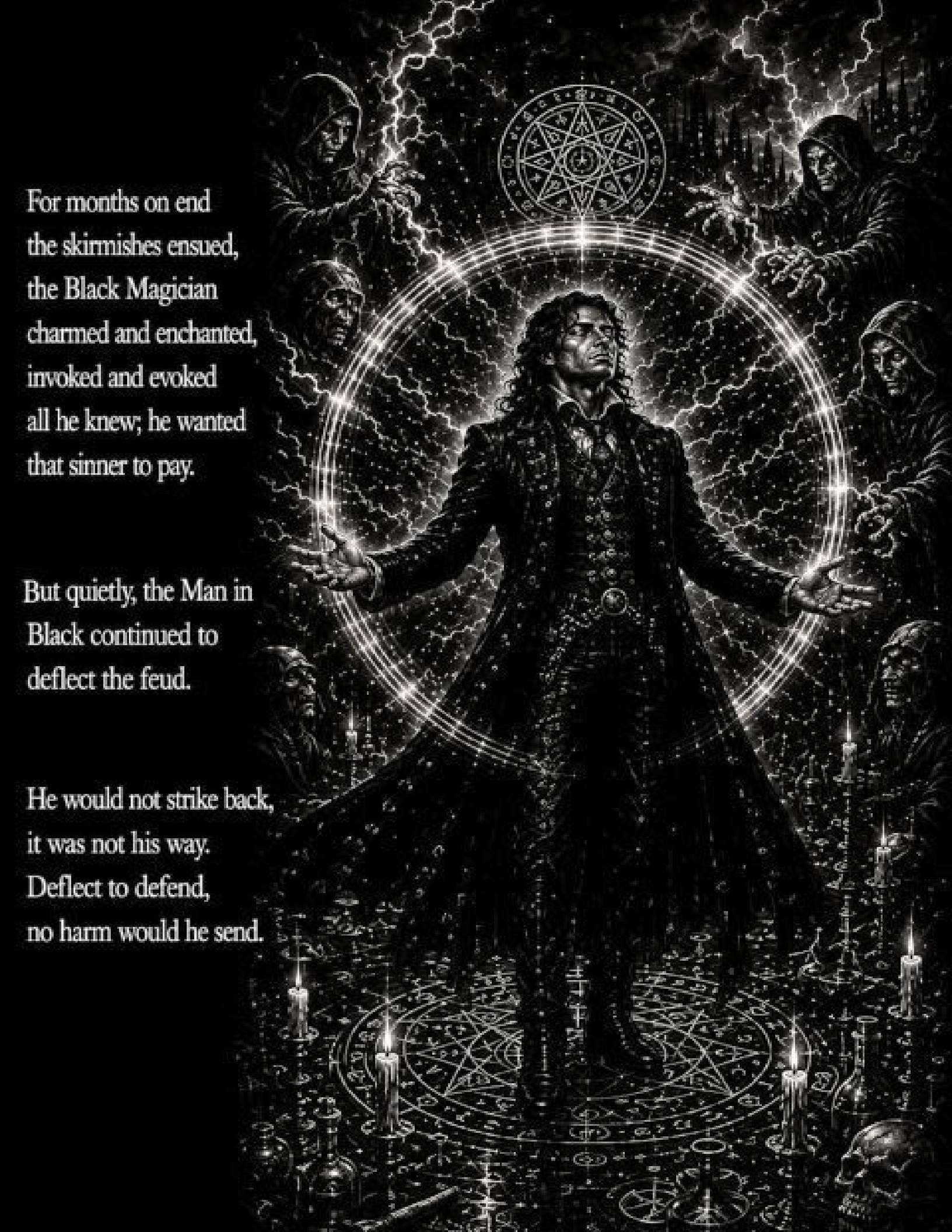
He did not blame anyone when those things happened; this was his accepted course of action.



The Man in Black
did not strike back
at any assassins,
or curses, or attacks
of any kind.

That was not his way,
because he pledge long
ago to harm no one,
it never even crossed
his mind.

So he deflected what
came near him, and
with his practice of
neutrality in person
he was dim, but the
Black Magician knew
the curses to search
and find him.



For months on end
the skirmishes ensued,
the Black Magician
charmed and enchanted,
invoked and evoked
all he knew; he wanted
that sinner to pay.

But quietly, the Man in
Black continued to
deflect the feud.

He would not strike back,
it was not his way.
Deflect to defend,
no harm would he send.

It was not long before the Seeress stopped her visits, she knew she had lost the Man in Black.

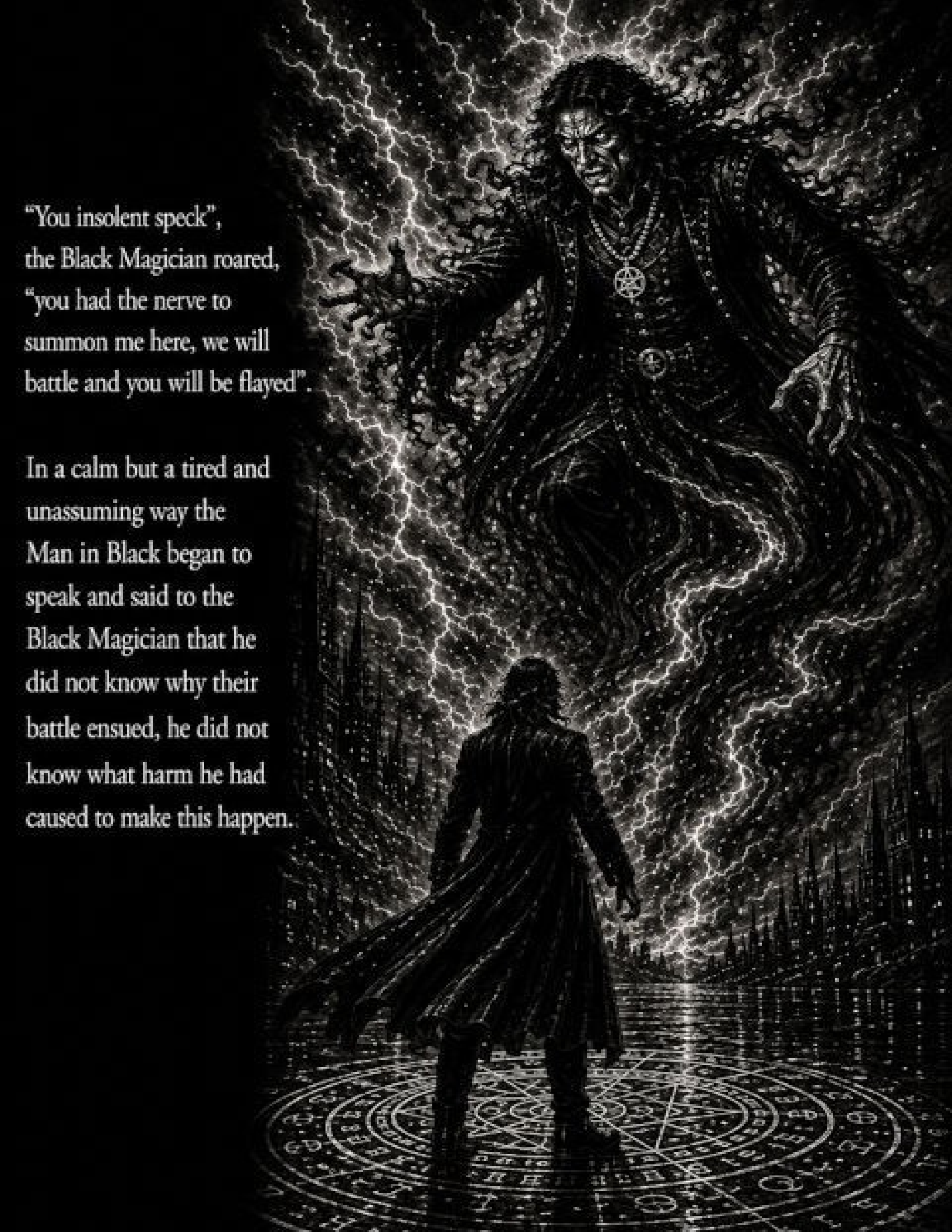
But one good thing had come to her; she realized the tendrils of the Black Magician, which so long had controlled her life, would never get her back, as Seeress or wife.

After what seemed
like ages the Man in
Black, was growing
weary; the Black
Magician was closing
in and making his life
most undesirably dreary.
Even his allies who
desperately wanted to
help their Man in Black,
where only allowed
to watch and were
told to sit back.

Though the great Dragon
so black, born of Chaos
and the love of the
Man in Black; would
sit atop his abode
and to give him peace
would spread his wings
to deflect any attack.

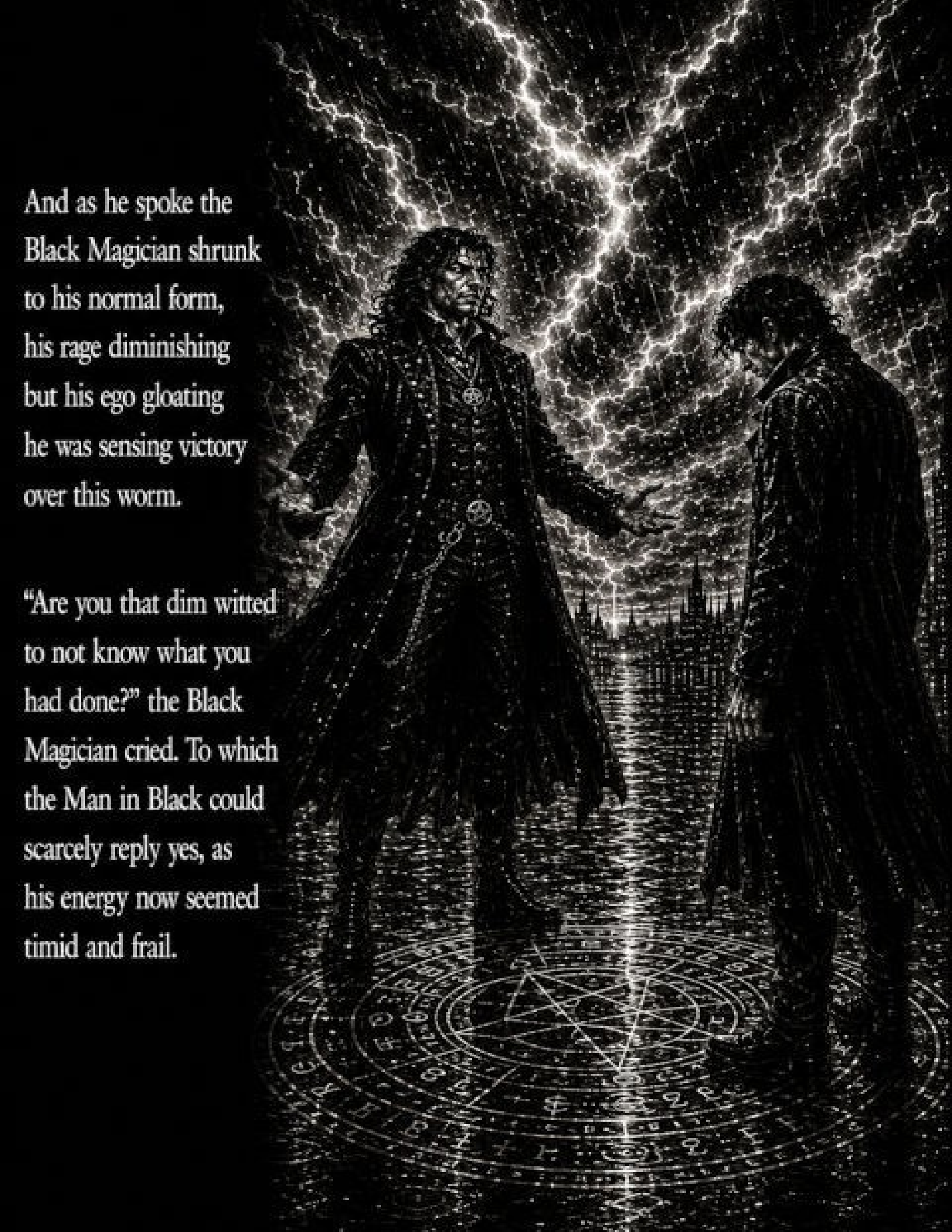
Now the time had come,
after almost a year
of battles, the Man in
Black tired and weary,
to the astral realm
he went and called forth
the Black Magician
from the shadows.

With a roar of thunder
and lightning flashes
the astral realm
shuddered, and the
Black Magician
appeared as a black
Dragon a thousand
times larger than the
Man in Black, who
only appeared as his
normal self.



"You insolent speck",
the Black Magician roared,
"you had the nerve to
summon me here, we will
battle and you will be flayed".

In a calm but a tired and
unassuming way the
Man in Black began to
speak and said to the
Black Magician that he
did not know why their
battle ensued, he did not
know what harm he had
caused to make this happen.



And as he spoke the Black Magician shrunk to his normal form, his rage diminishing but his ego gloating he was sensing victory over this worm.

"Are you that dim witted to not know what you had done?" the Black Magician cried. To which the Man in Black could scarcely reply yes, as his energy now seemed timid and frail.

"Well what do you intend to do about this?" the Black Magician demanded.

In shallow frail voice the Man in Black replied "I will give up all magick and stop my Spiritual quest. I will be as mundane a person that ever lived and stay that way for the rest of my life. Please just leave me alone, I mean you no harm".

The Black Magician with his ego soaring knew he had finally won. He would not destroy this man, this battle is done.

So he agreed to what the Man in Black proposed but he reminded him that if he ever tried to travel this path again then simply he would die, so a wanderer he will be, no more and no less.

In the next instance the Man in Black, now just a seemingly soulless wanderer was back in his bed.

A week went by and all was calm, peaceful days and quiet nights, the wanderer went to work and did all things in as mundane a way as possible.

Those who knew him did not know what to make of this change. For so long they always looked up to him, now they had to look down to see him, but he was not even in their range.

Of those friends of his, aghast they felt, and deceived too, they left him alone, none was the man they knew.

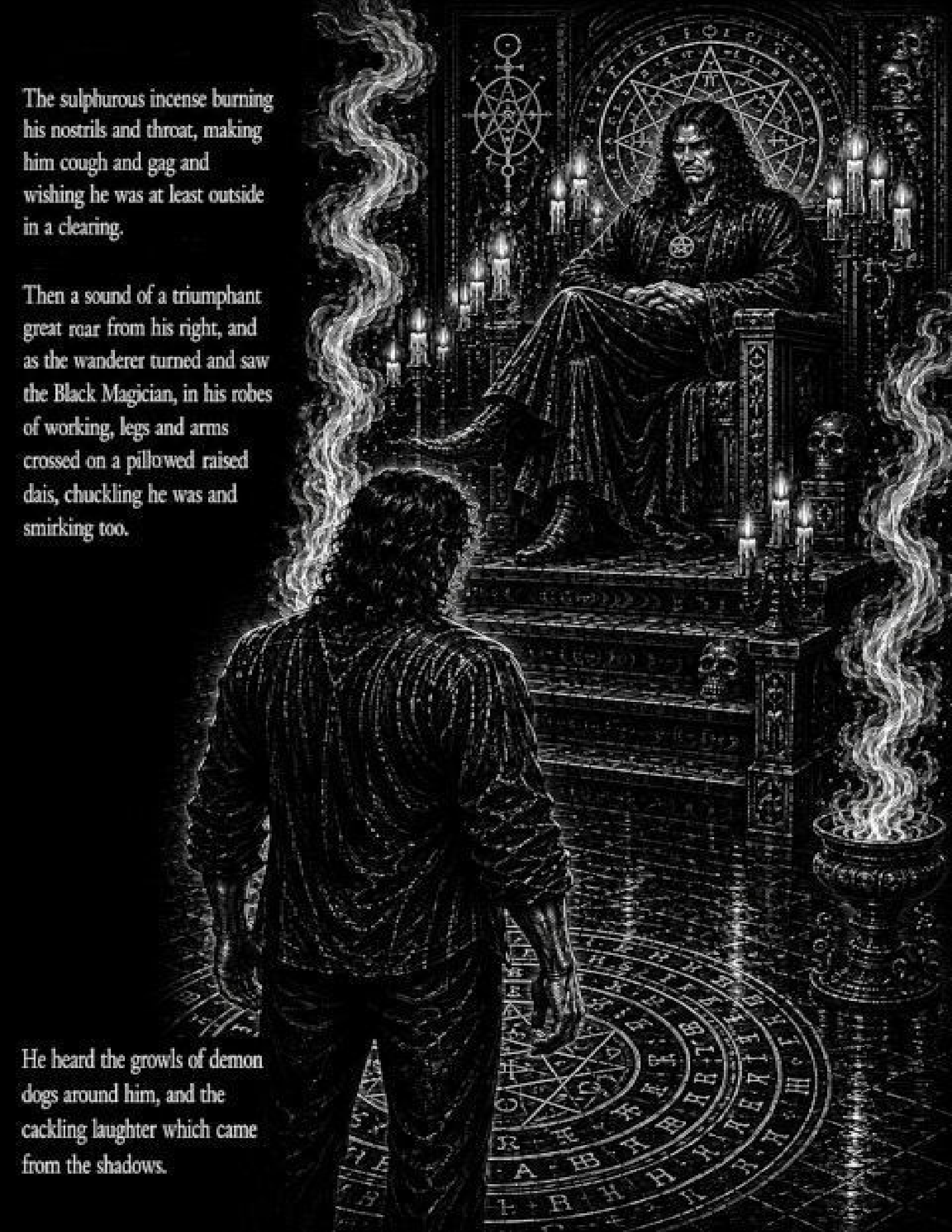
Then on the seventh night, when the wanderer was alone and asleep in his bed, an instance occur which was just not in his head.

In a room he was with dark grey walls adorned with sigils, skulls and weapons of every kind. Above him a blackened ceiling adorned with a white circular design with some strange words or such. Beneath his bare feet, was a floor black as coal which also had a circular design with other strange words or such; but also there was, which in the midst he stood, a blood red triangle which glowed and pulsed to his very own heart beat. He tried to look around as his fear did rise, but the shadows played across his vision, blocking certain sights but not his hearing.

He heard the growls of demon dogs around him, and the cackling laughter which came from the shadows.

The sulphurous incense burning his nostrils and throat, making him cough and gag and wishing he was at least outside in a clearing.

Then a sound of a triumphant great roar from his right, and as the wanderer turned and saw the Black Magician, in his robes of working, legs and arms crossed on a pillowed raised dais, chuckling he was and smirking too.



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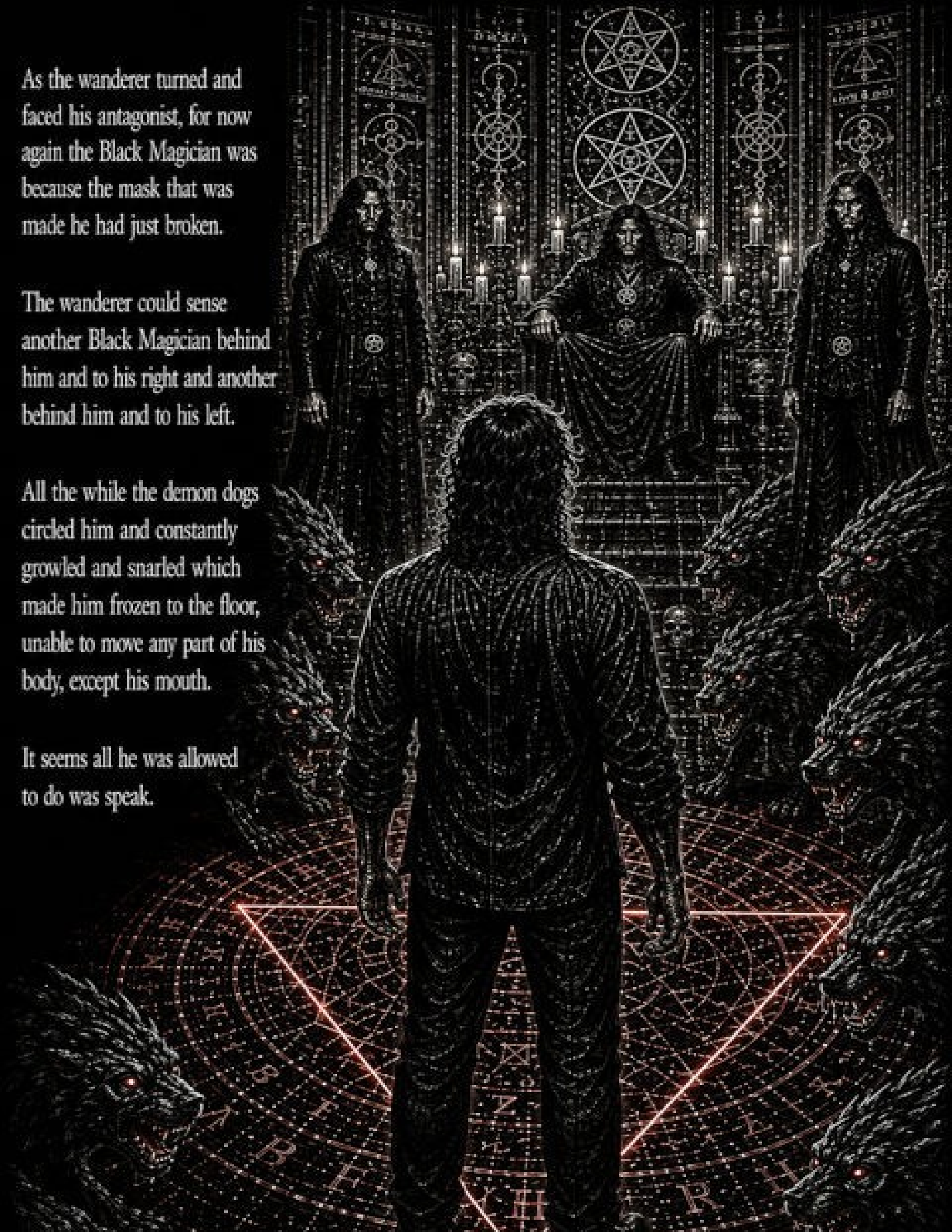


As the wanderer turned and faced his antagonist, for now again the Black Magician was because the mask that was made he had just broken.

The wanderer could sense another Black Magician behind him and to his right and another behind him and to his left.

All the while the demon dogs circled him and constantly growled and snarled which made him frozen to the floor, unable to move any part of his body, except his mouth.

It seems all he was allowed to do was speak.

"Who are you?" the wanderer asked in desperation.

"What do you want?" He asked in the same fashion.

All the while the Black Magician just evilly chuckled and sneered.

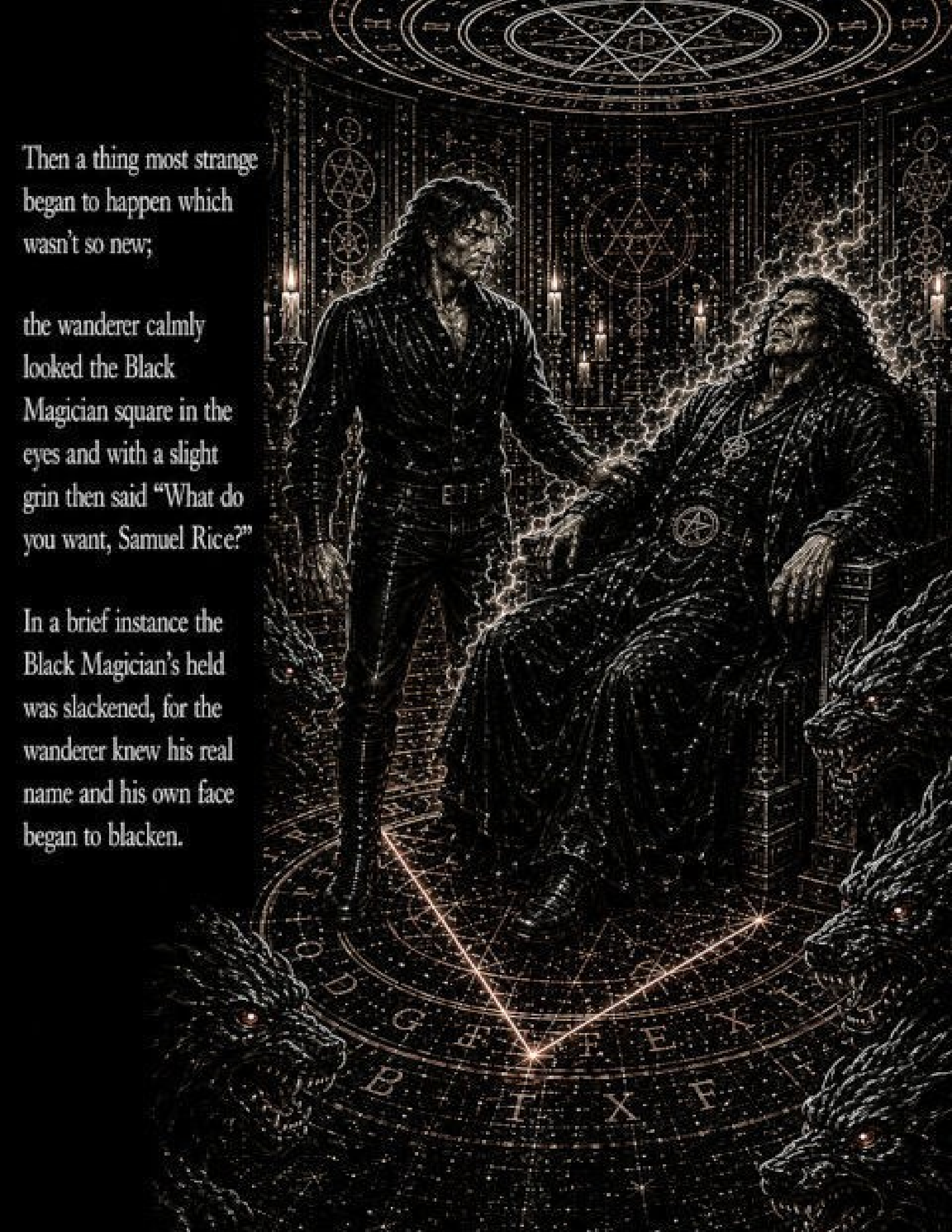
He knew that this victory in the battle between Heaven and Hell was going to be his and his alone.

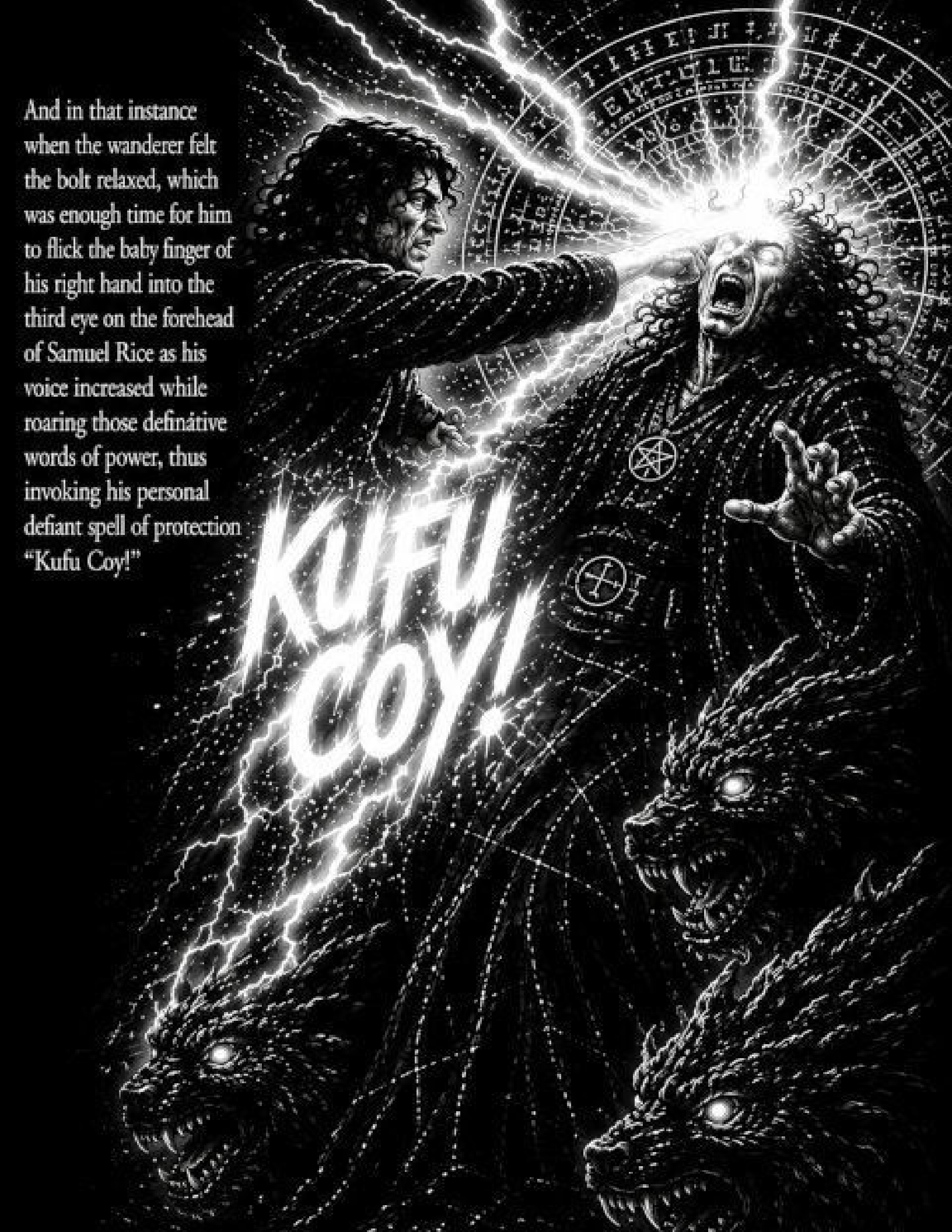
He was going to enjoy squishing this no nothing worm.

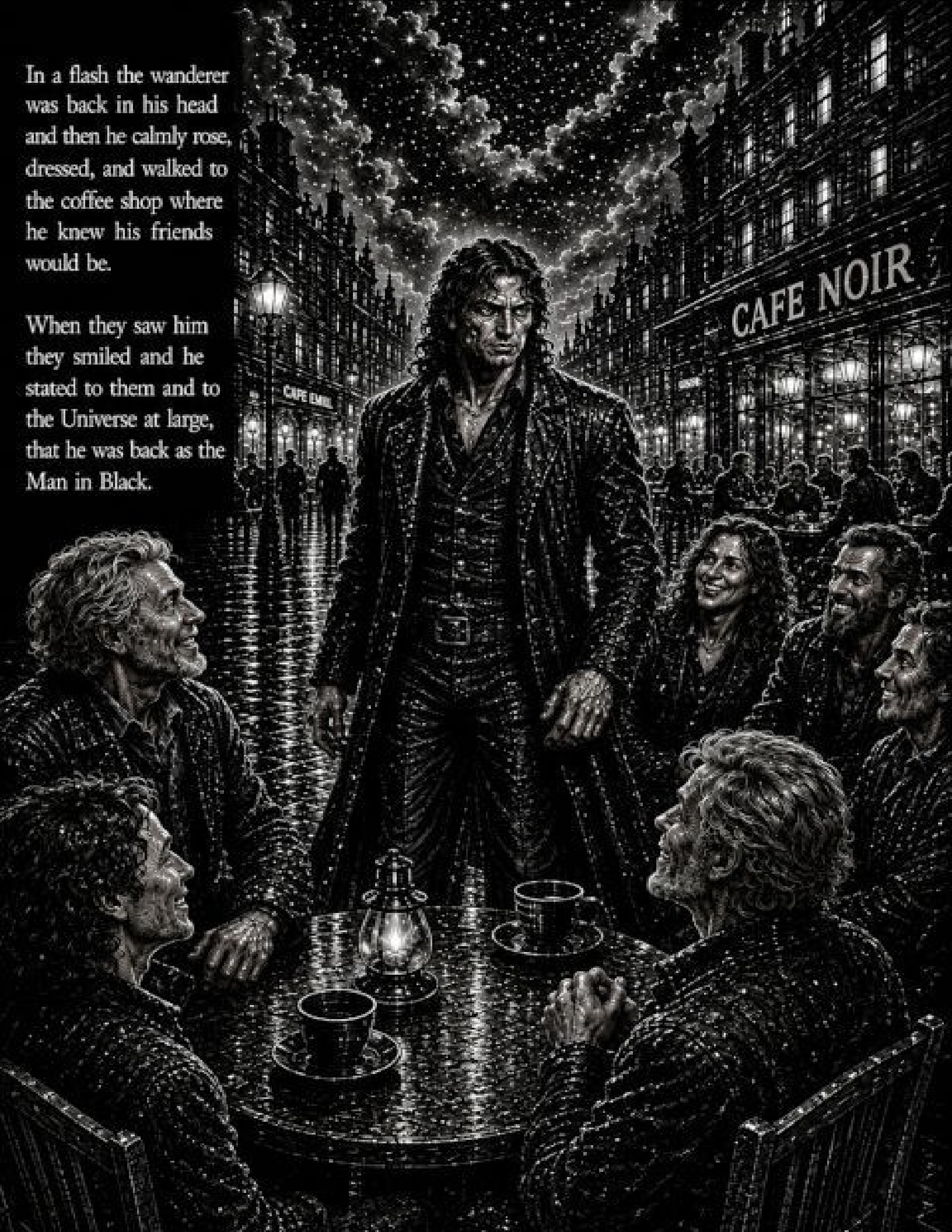
Then a thing most strange began to happen which wasn't so new;

the wanderer calmly looked the Black Magician square in the eyes and with a slight grin then said "What do you want, Samuel Rice?"

In a brief instance the Black Magician's held was slackened, for the wanderer knew his real name and his own face began to blacken.




And in that instance when the wanderer felt the bolt relaxed, which was enough time for him to flick the baby finger of his right hand into the third eye on the forehead of Samuel Rice as his voice increased while roaring those definative words of power, thus invoking his personal defiant spell of protection "Kufu Coy!"
KUFU COY!

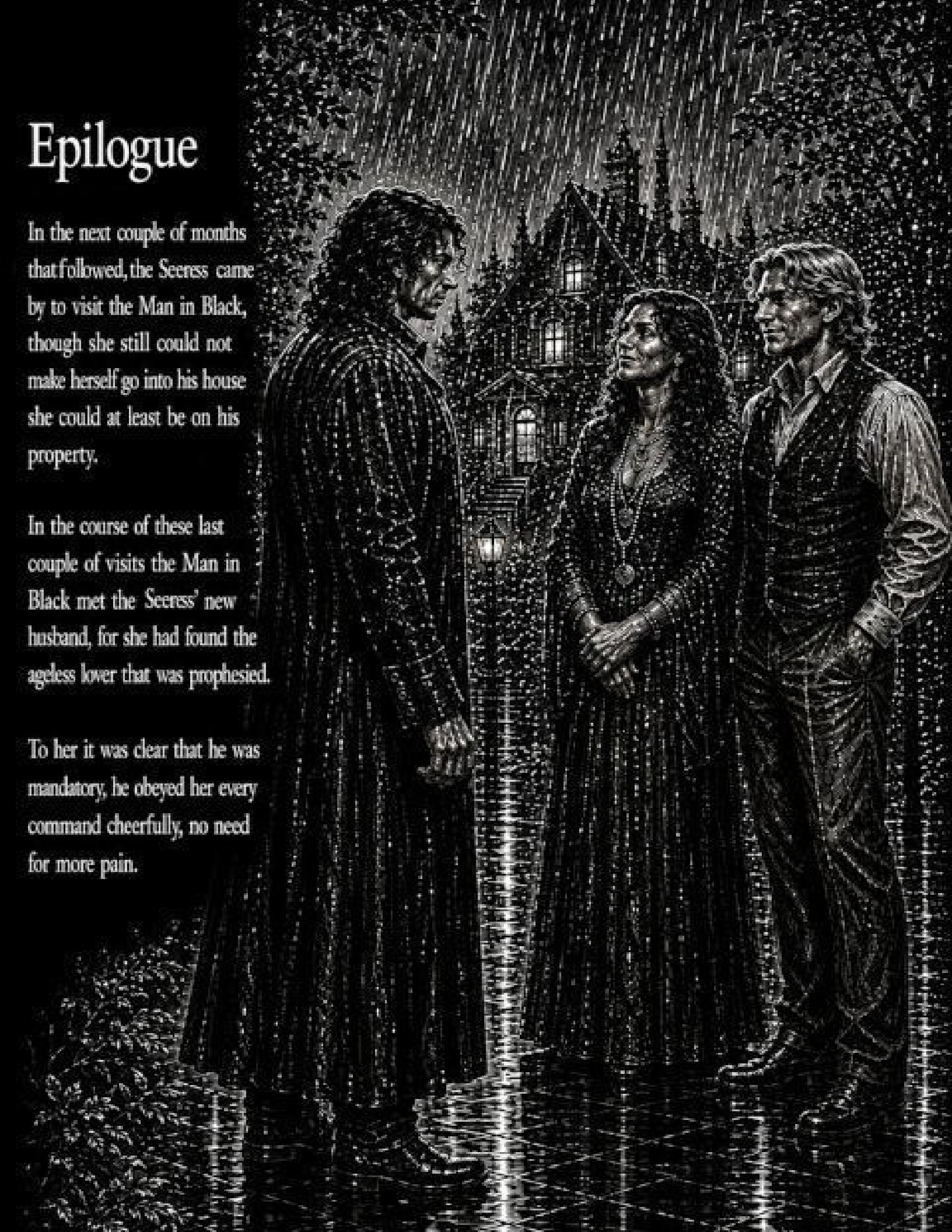

In a flash the wanderer was back in his head and then he calmly rose, dressed, and walked to the coffee shop where he knew his friends would be.
When they saw him they smiled and he stated to them and to the Universe at large, that he was back as the Man in Black.
CAFE NOIR
CAFE EMIL

Epilogue

In the next couple of months that followed, the Seeress came by to visit the Man in Black, though she still could not make herself go into his house she could at least be on his property.

In the course of these last couple of visits the Man in Black met the Seeress' new husband, for she had found the ageless lover that was prophesied.

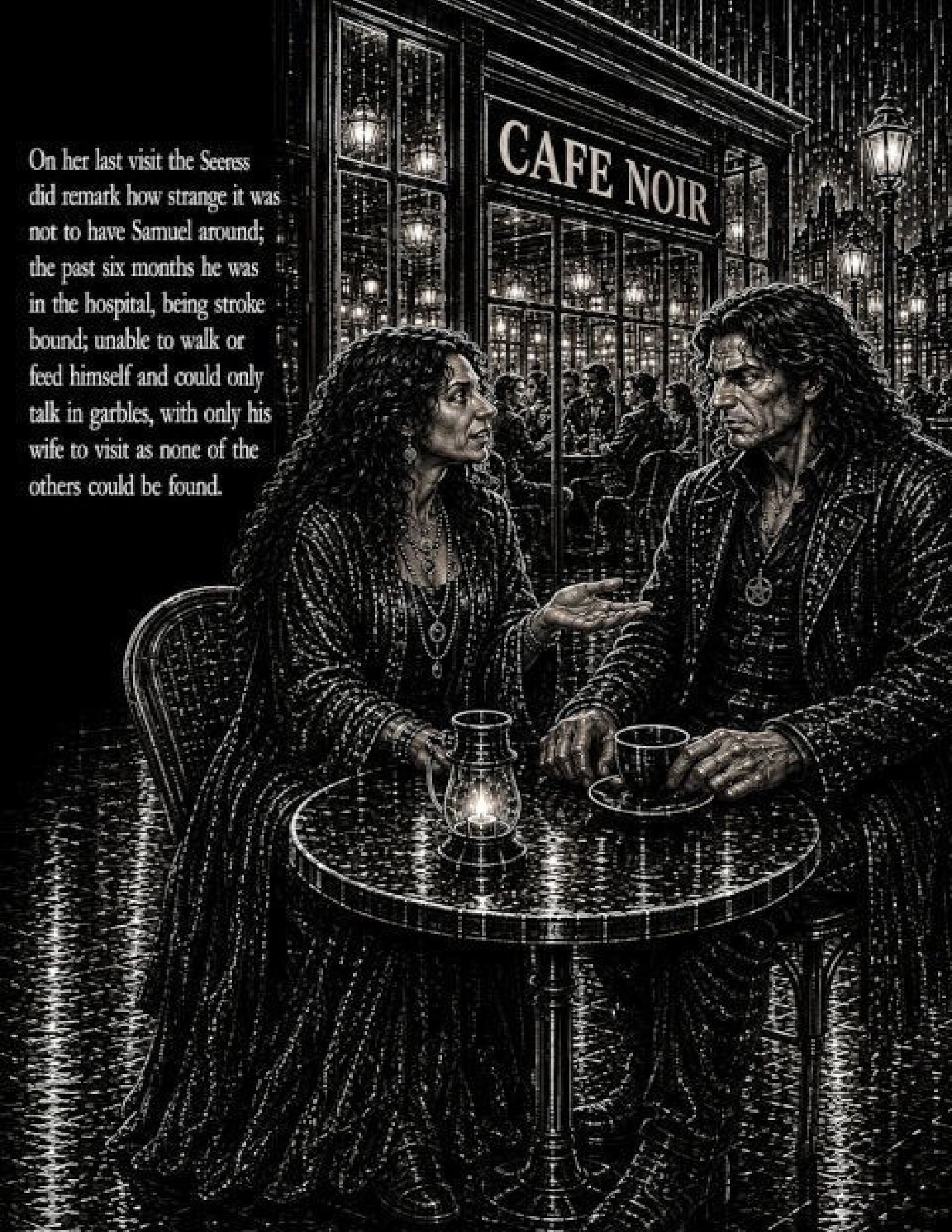
To her it was clear that he was mandatory, he obeyed her every command cheerfully, no need for more pain.



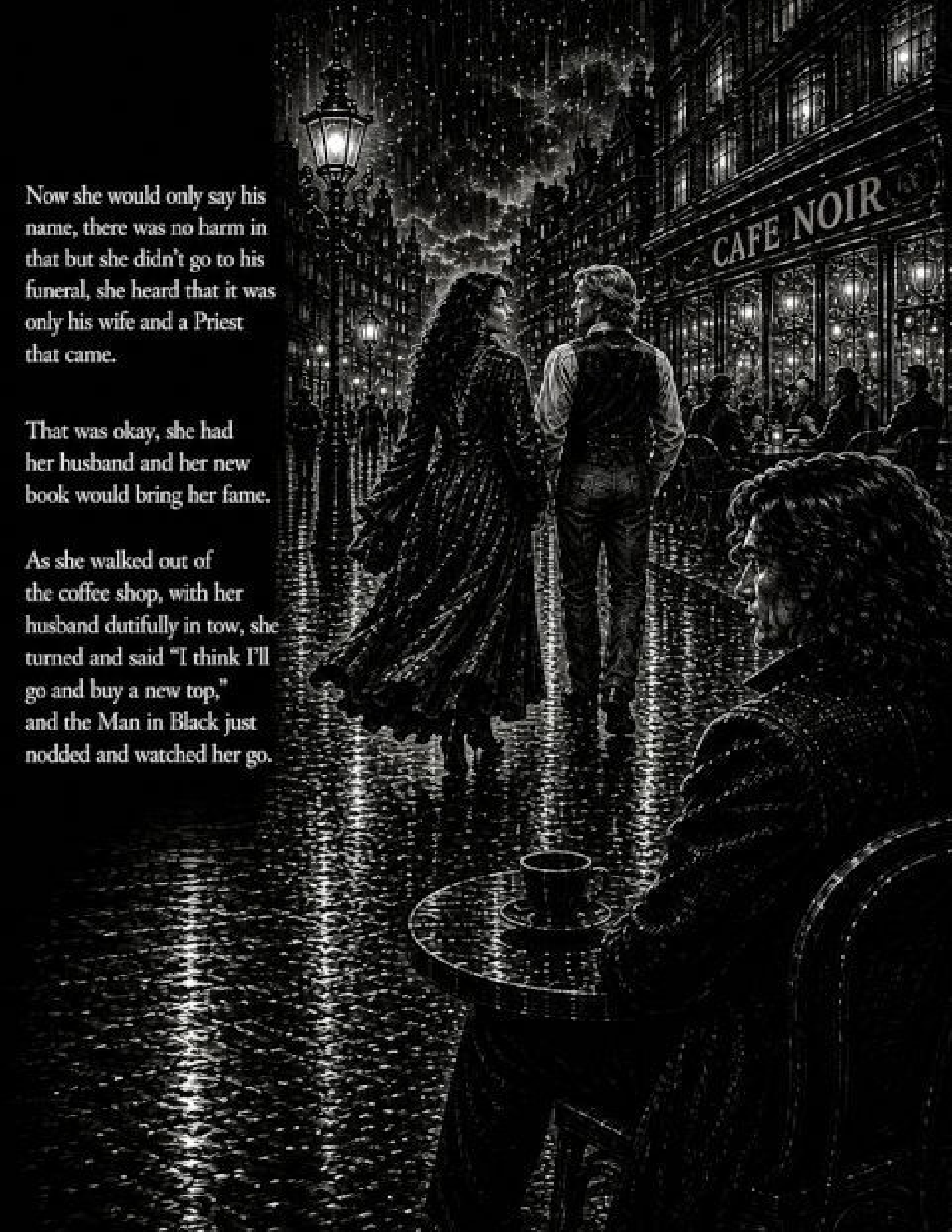
Of her friend and lover of decades past, she did say that on the following morning of that eventual night Samuel Rice's wife found him in the shed he used to meditate in.

He had suffered a serious stroke and quickly was hospitalized, his trained guard dogs were dead and his two closest friends from his mystical caste, who were always with him (and lived in their basement this year that went fast), had disappeared and were never seen or heard from again.

This made her sad because she missed the tall blond one with the striking blue eyes, his enthusiastic energy and their picnics in the rain.



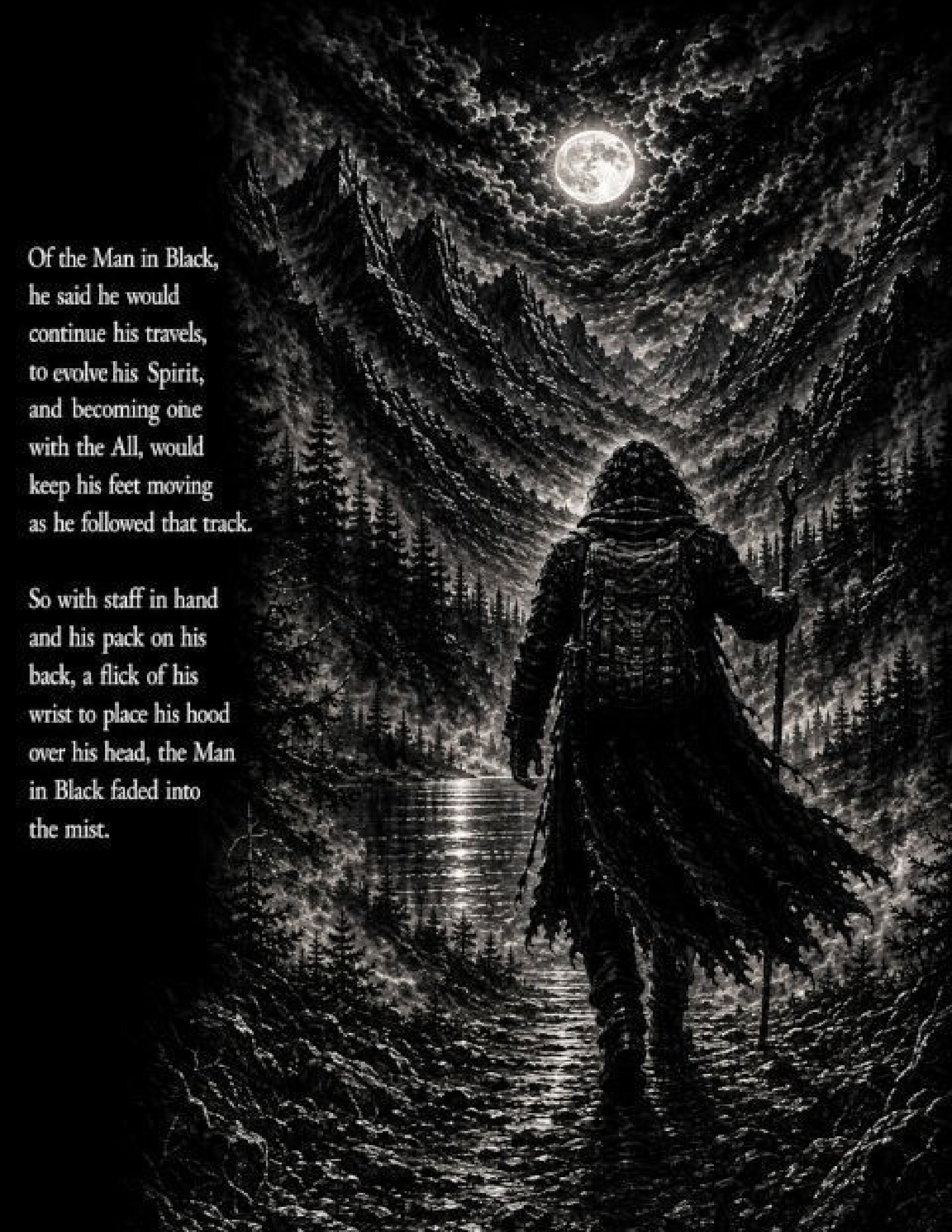
On her last visit the Seeress did remark how strange it was not to have Samuel around; the past six months he was in the hospital, being stroke bound; unable to walk or feed himself and could only talk in garbles, with only his wife to visit as none of the others could be found.



Now she would only say his name, there was no harm in that but she didn't go to his funeral, she heard that it was only his wife and a Priest that came.

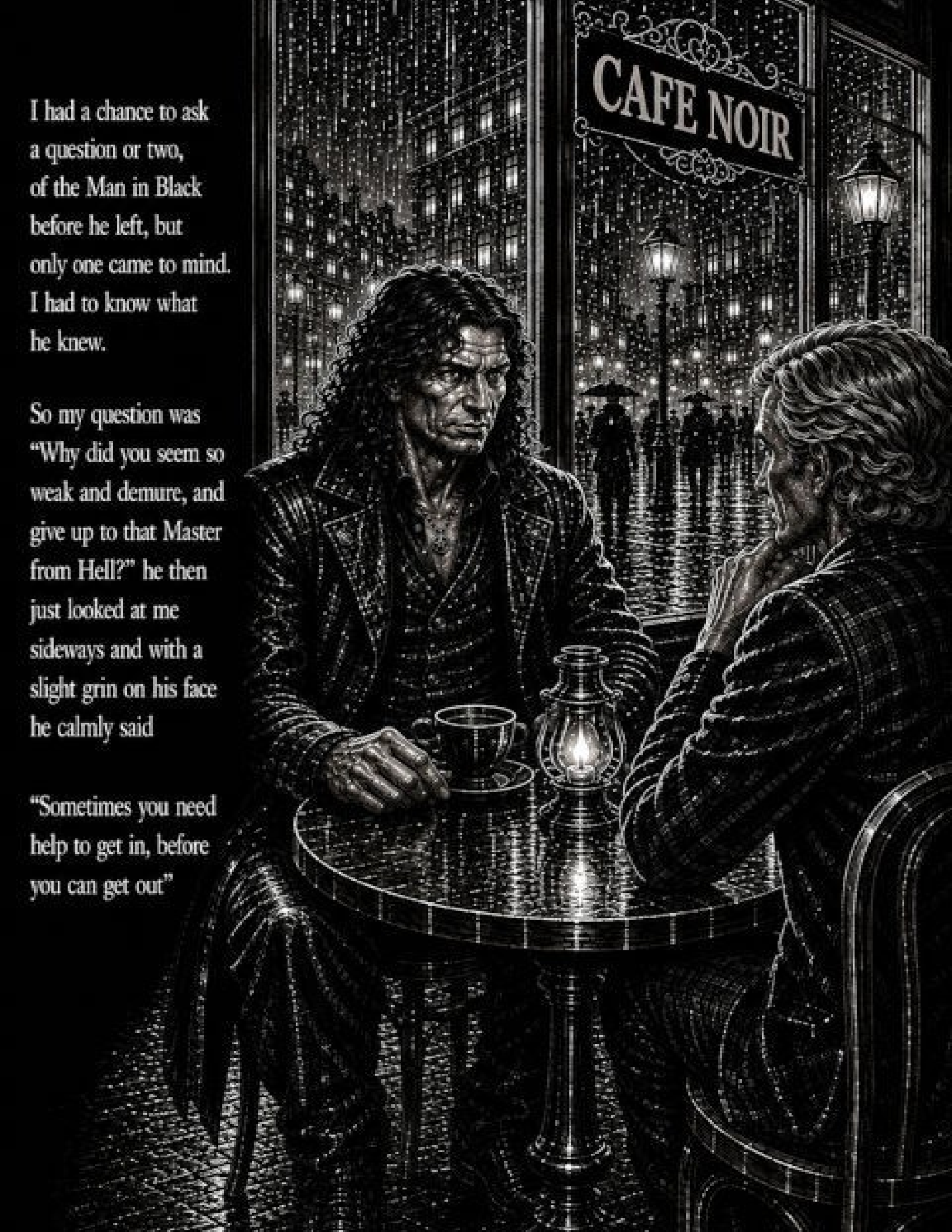
That was okay, she had her husband and her new book would bring her fame.

As she walked out of the coffee shop, with her husband dutifully in tow, she turned and said "I think I'll go and buy a new top," and the Man in Black just nodded and watched her go.



Of the Man in Black,
he said he would
continue his travels,
to evolve his Spirit,
and becoming one
with the All, would
keep his feet moving
as he followed that track.

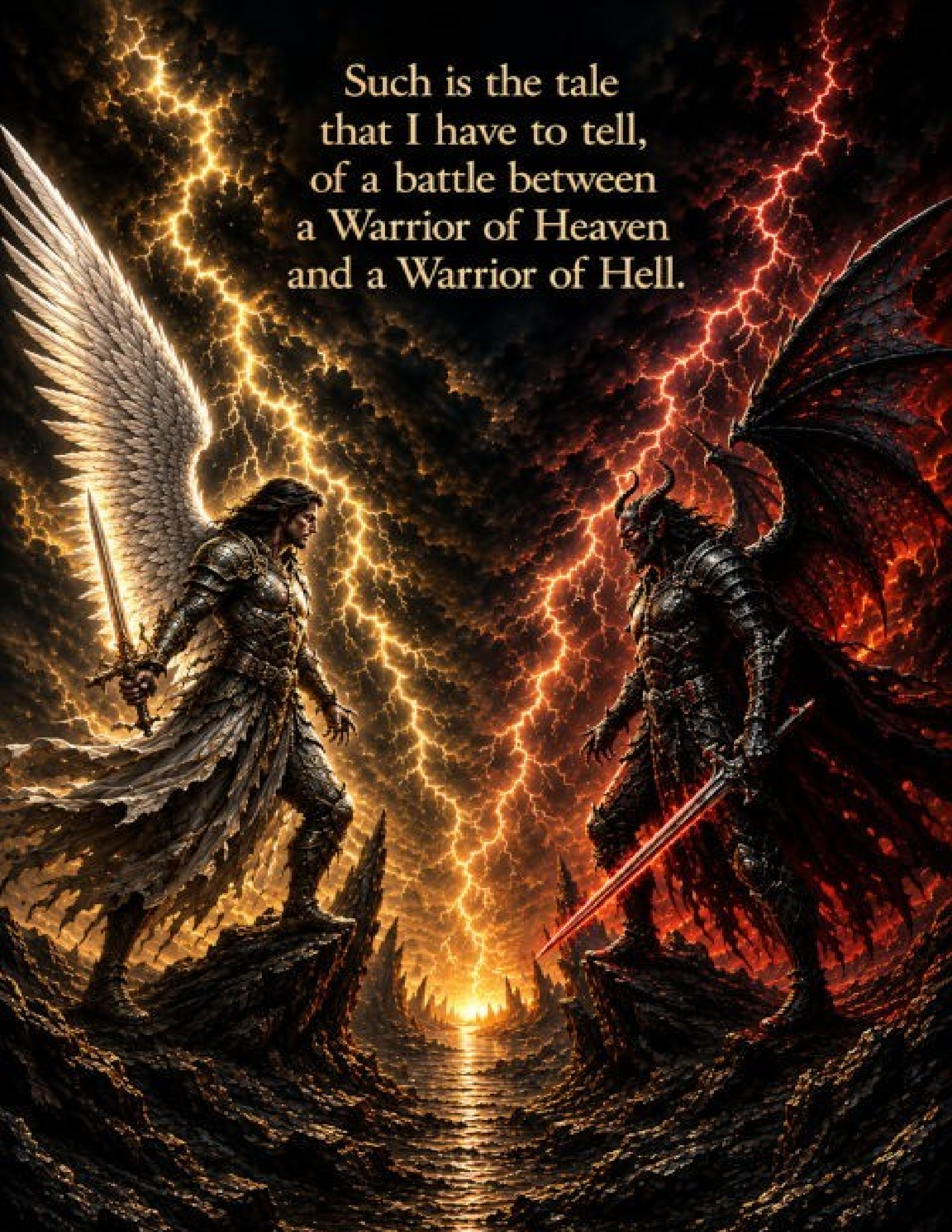
So with staff in hand
and his pack on his
back, a flick of his
wrist to place his hood
over his head, the Man
in Black faded into
the mist.



I had a chance to ask
a question or two,
of the Man in Black
before he left, but
only one came to mind.
I had to know what
he knew.

So my question was
"Why did you seem so
weak and demure, and
give up to that Master
from Hell?" he then
just looked at me
sideways and with a
slight grin on his face
he calmly said

"Sometimes you need
help to get in, before
you can get out"


Such is the tale
that I have to tell,
of a battle between
a Warrior of Heaven
and a Warrior of Hell.

A TIMELESS BATTLE BETWEEN HEAVEN AND HELL

A TALE OF LOVE, BETRAYAL, MAGICK AND REDEMPTION

In a world where Light and Darkness clash, one man's journey tests the limits of love, loyalty, and the unseen forces that shape our destiny.

Some battles are won in the shadows.